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THE GOLD FIEND:

—OR,—

SHADOWS ON THE HEARTH-STONE.

A Story of Boston and New York.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

A STRANGE TRAVELLING COMPANION.

The charms and the genius of Irene Bradwell furnished subject of comment in gay and fashionable circles for weeks. Hers was one of those rare exceptional cases of the instantaneous development and instantaneous recognition of genius which, at long intervals, illustrate the story of the stage.

"As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it,"

so did her theatrical fortune instantly flash forth in dazzling effulgence. She had had trials and sufferings enough in her brief life, but it was not her lot to endure the protracted agony of hope deferred, to be thrust back by the jealousy of rivals, to suffer by popular caprice or popular insensibility. The choice of her new career was a true inspiration of genius—and that inspiration had been kindled by the spark of necessity. Yet after all, there was nothing so very marvellous in her success. Though enjoying limited advantages of education, she had been a great, though irregular and desultory reader. Passionately fond of poetry she had devoured all that fell in her way, and, as her poverty and wandering career render the permanent society of books impossible, she had formed the habit of committing to memory such productions and such passages as had powerfully impressed her mind and heart. Moreover, she was not unfamiliar with the stage, having enjoyed as a professional person the *entree* of the theatres in the various cities she had visited in company with her father. The pressure of necessity had suddenly combined and rendered available all the results thus obtained—genius did the rest, and she sprang at once from the ring to the stage with a daring and successful bound. Few and far between are such triumphs. Many a gifted heart breaks on the dreary and tempestuous journey that conducts to fame.

And Irene was happy. Her successful *debut* led to an immediate and profitable engagement—and more than competence—fortune, seemed within her grasp. Had she been ambitious, this rapid fame might have dazzled and bewildered her. But domestic life had more charms for her than publicity with all its coronals and plaudits. She took more pleasure in seeing her father installed in neat and comfortable lodgings, well fed and well clothed, than when, in her glittering stage attire, she stood before the multitude who rent the air with their rapturous applause. She valued more the quiet commendation of Milford when she had recited to his ear alone a thrilling passage from Shakspeare, than the noisy tribute of a crowded house. And among the innumerable faces that gazed on her at night from the glittering boxes—she saw only two—those of her old father and her young lover. She might, had she chosen, have made a figure in society, for more than one distinguished lady was willing to overlook, in the general enthusiasm felt for the young actress, her humble origin and her maligned profession. But she accepted none of the invitations she received, pleading courteously the engrossing nature of her engagements. Milford intensely enjoyed her triumph. His noble nature was proof against the jealousy that might have been excited by the admiration felt for her, in a less elevated soul. His love of art raised him to a point from which he could look down on petty cares. When she was on the stage, unconscious of all around him, he saw only her—heard only the sweet or thrilling accents of her voice, drank in only the radiance of her smile. And when alone with her he was happy. But in solitary moments he contemplated their relations with some anxiety.

His own fortune was far from assured. He fully realized the precariousness of a literary life, the only one to which he seemed adapted. To support his widowed mother was a sacred duty paramount to every other consideration. Irene's father was no longer capable of assisting himself, and the duty of maintaining four persons would immediately devolve on him at his marriage. The problem might easily be solved, could he have entertained the idea of permitting his wife to remain on the stage—but his pride revolted at the idea of such an arrangement. Hence the brilliant success of Irene really deferred, if not defeated, his dearest hopes. But for that success, to have made her the sharer of his fortunes, humble as they were, would have been a duty; to withdraw her from her present brilliant sphere would now be an ungenerous act. He had no one to counsel him, for Sandwich, his only intimate friend, was too unrefined to appreciate his scruples, and rather too deeply imbued with love of money—though not exactly a slave to it. Milford, at times, thought of releasing Irene from her engagement—but whenever he approached her with that purpose at his heart, his courage failed him, and he yielded to the constantly-renewed intoxication of her presence.

Winter had now set in with unusual severity; and Matthew's thoughts were directed to the struggles of his poor mother, alone and in a distant city. She had hitherto refused to accept any aid from him, and sent back, from time to time, the remittances of money he had forwarded. Latterly she had confessed she was not doing very well, and avowed reluctantly, and with many expressions of regret, that some little help was necessary to her. Thereupon Matthew resolved to go to Boston, and insist upon her returning to New York with him. He had no sooner made arrangements for carrying out his purpose than the suddenly increased severity of the weather interrupted the travel between the two cities. The Sound was frozen over for many miles. The Narrows between Staten and Long Islands were closed for an entire day. It was a harder winter than the "oldest inhabitant" could call to mind. People had their faces frozen in walking half a mile. To cross from New York to Brooklyn or Williamsburg was a perilous and protracted journey.

Milford chafed at the delay. The Providence steamer was up for its destination the "ice permitting." Morning after morning, Matthew walked down to the pier only to be informed that the ice still refused the courtesy of navigation. At last, one fine day, the captain of the "Transit," expressed his determination to "put her through, or perish in the attempt," and our hero, with a goodly company, embarked at an early hour of the morning. For eighteen miles extended an unbroken sheet of ice, and the whitened shores of the East River, with their abandoned villas and leafless trees, completed a discouraging picture of desolation. Here and there were small trading crafts, with spars and shrouds encased in ice, frozen into the river hard and fast, their crews waiting with desperate resignation for a thaw. Long files of aquatic birds, chilled and numbed, were seen wearily winging their way toward the South. Beside the air-holes, here and there, stood ravenous gulls darting at the hapless fishes in the little interstices of water. Skaters, plying the flashing steel, were the only animated objects on which the eye could rest. A dull gray sky brooded over all.

But the noble steamer gallantly performed her work. When she could not immediately crush her way through the opposing field of ice, she would back water, and then, returning to the charge with resistless force, penetrate the barrier, while long seams opened in the ice to right and left with a noise like the report of a cannon. Warmly wrapped in a wadded cloak, and standing in the bow of the boat, Matthew watched her progress with interest, until the difficulties of the route had been surmounted, and the bold blue waves dashed merrily around as the boat plunged into the open water.

Some moments after the bell had summoned the passengers to the office to pay for their tickets, Milford leisurely walked aft. Two persons were standing at the clerk's window. One of them was a portly, round-visaged man, wrapped up in a multitude of comfortable garments, the outer fabric a wadded silk overcoat, profusely trimmed with Russia sables. The other was a thin and tremulous figure, wrapped in a miserably shabby broadcloth cloak, from beneath which appeared a pair of gray pantaloons, and well-worn India-rubber shoes, the whole human pyramid being surmounted by a greasy old beaver hat. The countenance of this victim of poverty was invisible, for his hat was drawn over his brows and the high collar of his cloak pulled up, while a faded yellow silk handkerchief was knotted about the chin. As this strangely-contrasted couple were standing directly before the window, Matthew was compelled to hear what passed between them.

"I tell you I can't do it," said the bluff, portly man, who had just secured his well-filled pocket book, and buttoned up his overcoat. "I make a point never to encourage beggars."

A thin, tremulous hand protruded from the shabby cloak, and a voice, interrupted by a hacking cough, said:

"I am no beggar, sir. I never begged in my life."

"Why, confound you! what are you doing now?"

"I simply asked for a loan. Give me your address in Boston, and to-morrow morning I will repay you—I will—on the word and honor of a gentleman."

"A gentleman!" repeated the portly man, with a curve of the lip. "Come, now—that's a good one. Hands off, if you please, my good sir—I can do nothing for you."

Whereupon the portly gentleman turned away with the air of a man who is perfectly satisfied with the correctness of his position. Matthew approached the applicant. Noting this, for his head was turned backward, the portly gentleman wheeled to the right about face, and touching our hero on the arm, said:

"Young man, if you give that fellow anything you're a fool. In my opinion, he's a professional beggar—a humbug, sir—humbug!"

And with this caution, the portly gentleman left the deck in a hurry, for the warm and comfortable cabin.

As Matthew approached the poverty-stricken stranger, the latter shuffled away, pulling up the collar of his cloak higher, and sinking his face deeper into his neckcloth. Matthew thought he recognized in the act the shyness of a wounded and sensitive nature. He followed him, however, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Sir," said he, "if I understood you rightly, you stand in need of some present assistance?"

The reply was scarcely audible, it was spoken in so low a tone, interrupted so often by coughing, and muffled by the evident attempt of the speaker to conceal his face.

"Yes—sir, I want help sadly. I'm going home to Boston—I've been sick in New York, disappointed in a remittance from my family, and on my way, because it is necessary that I should be in Boston to-night, or at the farthest to-morrow morning, without fail. So I started without a penny. I thought I should find some one in the boat willing to advance the money for my deck-passage, and the stage fare to Boston. My first application was to a man who seemed abundantly able to do a good deed. You see what it has come to. My name is Newbury."

The name struck Milford as a familiar one. After a moment's reflection, he remembered having heard the name used once or twice by Sandwich's *protege*, but as the remarks in which it was embodied were addressed to his friend, and when he was not paying particular attention, it was impossible for him to recall in what connection it had been employed. Moreover, the name was not a singular one, and in fact it was rather unlikely that this man should be in any way connected with Number Seven.

"Mr. Newbury," said Milford, after a moment's reflection, "I can accommodate you with a small loan. How much do you want?"

"Just enough to take me to Boston. That will be eight dollars. You go in the cabin and pay twelve."

"But it is more comfortable in the cabin"

"Not so—I should be out of place there with my faded rags. Though I once upon a time kept good company. A seat by the boiler here, is just as warm as a seat by the cabin-stove."

"But you will join us at dinner?"

"I thank you—I am an invalid—and what little I eat, I carry with me when I travel."

Matthew handed him the money he asked for, and was briefly thanked for the service.

"I should like to be better acquainted with you," said our friend.

The stranger made no reply to this suggestion, but immediately walked forward.

"Not very communicative," thought Matthew, and he went to the office to pay his fare. "However, I have no right to pry into his affairs—and it would be ungenerous to question him after doing him a favor."

No further incident occurred on the journey, if we except another battle with the ice in approaching Providence, which was reached about nightfall. A long line of stage coaches was drawn up on the wharf. From a delay occurring in getting at his baggage, Milford took the last coach. The stranger was about mounting to the box.

"There's an inside place," said the driver. "You'll freeze up here."

The stranger turned to the open door.

"Get in here, Mr. Newbury," said Matthew.

"No—no—thank you," said the stranger, hurriedly turning away. "It makes me ill to ride inside," and he mounted to the box, in spite of the remonstrance of the coachman. The whip cracked, and away flew the impatient horses which had been champing their bits and pawing the frozen ground for a full hour on the wharf. Nothing particular occurred in the long ride. When a few miles from Providence it began to snow, and before they reached Boston, the ground was covered to the depth of a foot far and wide.

Matthew got out of the coach in Elm Street, and, taking his valise in hand, walked to his mother's residence. He had just laid his hand on the old-fashioned brass door knocker, when his grasp was arrested, and turning, he beheld the singular person who had borrowed money of him in the boat.

This person seized his hand in both of his, and bent down his face, shrouded no longer by cloak and handkerchief—close to Matthew's, as he said:

"Hush! whatever you see in me, or think of what I say, utter no exclamation."

Matthew gazed and listened with an astonishment he could hardly master. The nature of the stranger's communication will be shortly indicated to the reader. At its close, he said:

"In half an hour then?"

"In less time," said Matthew.

"Be it so," said the stranger, and, with a wave of the hand, he disappeared through the snow.

The knocker now rang loudly, waking the echoes of the street. The door opened—a little feminine scream of surprise was heard, and the next instant Matthew was clasped in his mother's arms.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PRODIGAL'S WELCOME.

"But you look deadly pale, child," said Mrs. Milford, after half-a-dozen questions had been asked and answered. "Are you sick?"

Matthew shook his head. "Never better."

"Well, you're well-nigh frozen. Sit closer to the fire. The kettle will bile in five minutes, and then you shall have a nice bowl of hot tea. And here's some cold ham, and I'll make you some toast—for I know you must be starving."

"No hurry, mother, no hurry," replied the young man, who, to say the truth, did look sick, and even more anxious and agitated than sick, "I want to talk to you. One of the passengers in the coach was telling me a strange story—but as true as strange."

"Well, never mind that now, Mat, I want to hear all about yourself."

"It concerns me and you, remotely, mother. It interested my feelings, and perhaps it will yours."

"Well, let me hear what it is then?"

"Why, this gentleman, mother," said Matthew, drawing his chair close to his mother's, and taking her hand, "told us all about a New York trader who fell into bad ways, and got into debt a few years ago. Soon after a terrible expose of his circumstances and of some criminal acts into which desperation had betrayed him, he was missing. His clothes were found upon a pier of the North River, and his friends supposed that he had drowned himself."

"O, Matthew, dear," said Mrs. Milford, grasping her son's hand convulsively, and turning pale; "no wonder this went to your heart. You thought of your poor father!" and tears in spite of her effort to control them, coursed down her cheeks as she spoke

"I did," said Matthew, earnestly. "But the story does not end there. Last week this man appeared in New York—alive—after years of absence."

"Appeared again!" almost shrieked Mrs. Milford, so interested did she feel in the narrative.

"Yes, mother, a terribly changed man—but changed as much for the better in heart as he was for the worse in person. He had been in foreign lands—he had been working desperately, and he came back with a store of gold honestly won, to cancel all claims against him, to atone for the past, to wipe out the blots upon his name, and pass the remainder of his days, a comfort to the brave-hearted friends who had not forsaken him in his days of sin and darkness."

Mrs. Milford gazed upon the speaker with a troubled countenance. She was much agitated—her bosom rose and sunk with her emotion. At one moment, her eyes lighted up as she caught at a pleasing hope—the next, the transient color faded from her cheek, and she heaved a deep sigh. At last she said:

"Matthew, Matthew—another such case couldn't happen—could it? It isn't likely. No—no—your poor father is dead. He couldn't wring my heart by leaving me all alone all this time—and you—he was bound to protect. No, no—he is dead—dead!"

"Mother—mother," said Matthew, "hear me. Stranger things have occurred. My father may be living. The thought will force itself upon my mind."

"You will drive me wild, boy. Living! You look strangely. You must have heard something. What is it? Don't torture me, Matthew. I have suffered so much—a little thing worries and hurts me. Matthew—Matthew—why don't you speak?"

"I will, mother. Give me your hand again—Be brave and firm. My father is alive!"

A wild cry—a relaxing of the hand that Matthew held—and the poor woman sank back in her chair, weak and faint. But she rallied in a moment—sat up—passed her hand over her forehead, and gasped out:

"Where is he?"

"Here—in this city. I have seen him—spoken with him."

At this moment a knock at the outer door rang through the house.

"It is him!" said the woman. "I'll go—no—I am too weak—Matthew—take—the lamp—let him in—bring him out of the cold night—the—the storm."

Matthew obeyed. He bounded down the staircase with the lamp and opened the street door. The stranger, from whom the young man had recently parted in the street, glided into the entry, and while Matthew was securing the door again stood leaning with his back against the wall.

"You have seen her?" he asked, in a hoarse, agitated whisper.

"Yes. And I have broken the intelligence to her."

"How did she take it?"

"She was greatly overcome, of course. But come up directly."

Matthew led the way, the man following and clinging to the rail for support. And thus, after years of absence, Harvey Milford stole back into his own house, like a thief in the night. His pretended suicide was a deliberately formed plan. To avoid exposure and punishment from which he shrunk, not with the sensibility of a man, but the selfish dread of a coward, he had wilfully wrung with the bitterest anguish two hearts that clung to him in spite of his errors. He lulled his conscience by the plea that, as a branded felon, his flight would shield them from the grief and shame of witnessing his punishment. But why did he not give them a hint of his real purpose? Simply because he feared that they would not in that case be able to feign a grief that would impose on the persons he had wronged. Their sorrow must be real to carry out his scheme. And he left them penniless, because every dollar devoted to their use would be a deduction from the base pleasures which he still resolved to pursue in spite of the terrible lessons of the past.

And now he had passed the threshold of the sitting-room. He had dropped his cloak from his shoulders, thrown aside his hat, and stood there, tremulous and cowering, wan, sick, wasted by a career of dissipation, limited only by means. His frame was bent—his chest was hollow—his poor clothes hung loosely on his attenuated limbs. He was a wreck of his former self—a pitiable object to contemplate.

Yet his wronged and devoted wife sprang forward to meet him, pressed him to her faithful breast, and kissed again and again his pale, clammy forehead, and his blue, quivering lips. She only remembered that he was her first, her only love—her husband—the father of her buried children. Then she held him at arm's length, and gazing on his features, burst into tears. But she wiped them away instantly, and struggled hard to smile. She took one hand of the poor erring man, and placing the other on his shoulder, gently led him to the fire-place, and seated him in her arm chair. Then she knelt down and removed the snowy shoes from his feet, and bade him warm them at the fire, while she busied herself about supper.

Little was said, and little was eaten at that meal. Both Matthew and his mother were too much agitated and excited; and Harvey Milford's appetite was gone. His dismal, hollow cough told why.

After supper Milford gave a confused and rambling account of his absence—told how he had escaped from Boston in a French brig bound for Bordeaux—how he had gone on to Paris—how he had visited German and English watering-places, how he had wandered over Europe and then again back to Paris, supporting himself when the funds with which he had absconded gave out, by various small employments. How he finally got back to New York. He made but a half confession, after all. Indeed his career had

been such, that it could not have been related to such pure listeners as those who hung on his polluted lips.

When he had finished speaking, Mrs. Milford gave an account of what had happened to herself very delicately and considerately glancing over the most painful passages of her life for the few past years. Matthew modestly and briefly spoke of himself in reply to the questions of his father. But his communication was cold, for his heart was sad and heavy. With that wreck of humanity before him, how could it be otherwise?

"I allers said Matthew was bound to shine," said Mrs. Milford, her countenance lighting up as it turned from the wasted and down-looking features of her husband, to the handsome and candid face of the young man. "And he's been so good to me, Harvey. He's cum on in this terrible weather, on purpose to take me to New York to live with him."

"My return has thrown an additional burden on your shoulders," said Milford. "For I am penniless—sick—and incapable of helping myself."

"I never yet shrunk from my duty, sir," said Matthew, firmly.

"I acknowledge it," said Milford, drooping his head. "Would to God that I—" but he could not finish the sentence.

"Don't be so gloomy, father," said the young man, as he took up his candle to retire. "Believe me that it is never too late for a man who resolves to do right. Don't dwell on the past, and rely on me to be true and kind to you in the future."

"This is too much," said the unhappy man, covering his face with his hands. "I was prepared to be received with astonishment and dread—and to be treated with such kindness—such delicacy—I—who have deserved it so little, it unmans me completely."

Matthew had glided from the room.

"O, Harvey," said the devoted wife, kneeling at his feet. "Don't say it unmans you. Say it brings you to your better self. That boy—Harvey—don't let him suffer for his kindness. Don't let us be a stone drag on him. Remember, he is young and good, and deserves all the happiness this life can give. When I think that I might—but for you, have made him happy—I feel guilty every time he looks at me."

"Jane, we will make him happy," said Milford. "I cannot trouble him long, at any rate. I'm going fast."

"Don't say so, Harvey. It would kill me to lose you so soon again, after mourning you as dead so long."

"It is my own fault," said the man. "But neither you nor he shall have cause to regret my return. God will spare me long enough to atone, in part, for the past. When do you go to New York?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"The sooner the better—for while I stay here, I must be in hiding. And now to bed. I long to lay my aching head on the pillow. But for the task before me, I could wish I might never wake again."

CHAPTER XXV.

DR. BIGGIN MAKES HIS WILL.

In the single day he passed in Boston, for he left for New York with his father and mother at the appointed time, the only really happy moments Matthew experienced were those spent in the society of Jack Glossop, or as we must now style him, Dr. John Glossop, Chemist and Apothecary. This, in fact, with the exception of the "Dr.," was the legend inscribed in golden letters on a huge sign over the door of a flourishing establishment in Hanover Street, the very same, indeed, from which Jack had once been ignominiously expelled by its then proprietor, Perkins. The cadaverous apothecary had retired to a farm in the country, and had sold out to Jack, who had lived down calumny, like many other good men, and had the triumph of receiving ample atonement from Dr. Perkins in the shape of an honest and emphatic card to the public, in which Mr. Glossop's claim to the confidence of the public were eloquently set forth.

Jack was delighted to see his old friend, and much pleased to find that his good fortune was a complete surprise to Matthew. Dr. Glossop was madly recognizable. Good living had filled out his frame and rounded his cheeks, obliterating almost every trace of care from his face, while a conscientious tailor had made the most of his figure. He did his best to entertain his old friend. He produced a plate of crackers and a Bologna sausage from under the counter, took three boxes of guava jelly out of a drawer, opened a pot of conserve of roses, took down a jar of tamarinds, generously threw open the white sugar drawer, broached a box of cigars, and suggested the intemperate use of peppermint lozenges as a rational method of enjoyment.

"We'll make a day of it," said the generous fellow. "There'll be nobody to disturb us—my boy is absent on leave—and we'll enjoy the feast of friendship and the flow of soul."

But what had become of Dr. Biggin?

This was the very first question asked by Matthew, and responded to at length by Glossop. We shall repeat the story in our own way.

One day Dr. Biggin was obliged, by physical exhaustion, to forego his usual visit to the "Cat and Mastiff." The next day he was worse and unable to take his usual breakfast of gin and onions. He summoned Jack to his bedside. His mind appeared a little confused at first, for, as he spoke to his assistant, he sometimes employed the courteous language which he had invariable used of late years, and sometimes the vituperative epithets by which he had addressed him of old, before he had learned to lean and rely upon him.

"Jack, you dog," he muttered; "why didn't you answer the bell sooner? Recollect, you scoundrel—if I turn you into the streets, you'll starve. Perkins wont have you—I've fixed your flint in that quarter—he! he! I beg your pardon, Mr. Glossop—what was I saying? I'm always confused of late when I wake up in the morning. But never mind, I'm all right now."

"And I hope you feel better, doctor?"

"Dr. Biggin shook his head.

"Just be good enough to feel my pulse, Mr. Glossop."

Jack did as he was requested.

"Rather low—eh? isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid you're very sick, doctor. You'd better let me send for a physician!"

"What! to kill me before my time? Not so green as that, Jack. I know what doctors are—men that fire at you in the dark. I know—I'm regular M. D. Physic wont help me, Jack—I'm going."

"I hope not."

"I believe you. I do believe you on my soul. I trained you pretty hard when you was a boy—but of late years I've tried to make amends for it."

"You have, doctor."

"And you wont cherish any hard feelings against me when I'm laid under the sod. Promise me that, Jack?"

"Sir—I never harbored hard feelings against any one."

"I believe you, Jack—I believe you, my dear boy. You're a real Christian."

"Doctor—I'm glad to hear you say that word, from my soul. It emboldens me to ask you, sir, if you wouldn't like to have me send for a clergyman?"

"No, Jack," said the doctor, "no. Physic nor preaching wont save me. It's too late."

"But, sir—"

"Don't make me angry, Jack—and don't torture a dying man. But you can do me a service, a service you wont repent."

"Name it, sir."

"Go to the 'Cat and Mastiff' as fast as ever you can. There you'll be sure to find, at this hour, Mr. Capias, the lawyer, and Mr. Slymer of the Daily Bugle, both particular friends of mine. They wont be very drunk by this time. Make them come with you in all haste—tell them what you like about my condition—say it's on business—business, mark you, Glossop."

"I'll return immediately, sir."

And Jack was as good as his word. In ten minutes he entered the little bed-room up stairs accompanied by the individuals described by Dr. Biggin, as his particular friends—Capias, a very sharp but hard-drinking attorney, a little oily, pimpled-faced man, of forty-five, and Slymer, a thin, sallow, sneaking personage, with hollow and sunken cheeks, a living example of the consequences of dissipation.

Both stole on tiptoe to the bedside of the sick man.

"My dear doctor," said Capias.

"Dear doctor," repeated Slymer, who was, thus early in the day rather oblivious.

"Nothing could pain us more," said the lawyer.

"Than to hear," hiccuped Slymer—

"That you were so sick," said the lawyer, concluding the joint production of sympathy.

"Thank you, my dear friends," said the doctor. "Yes,—I'm going—and I'm resigned to die—only the thought of parting from you rends my heart."

"O," said Mr. Capias.

"Ah," said Mr. Slymer.

"We must all die, however," added the editor, producing a dirty pocket-handkerchief to be used in emphasizing any future pathos that might be deemed necessary. "Eh—Capias?"

"Of course," said Capias. "*Pallida mors,* (you haven't forgot your Horace, doctor), *æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres.*"

"Pale death, Mr. Glossop," said the editor, translating for the benefit of that gentleman, "tramples down with equal footsteps the monarch's palace and the poor man's hut."

"Ay, very true, sir," said the doctor. "And now, Capias, are you all right for business?"

"All right, sir," answered the lawyer, running his short, stubby fingers through his wiry hair. "Aint I, Slymer?"

"Perfection!" said the literary admirer, sustaining himself by the bed-post.

"Then you set down at the table, Capias. There are pens, ink and blanks. I'm going to dictate my will."

"O," groaned Capias.

"Ah!" sighed Slymer, sinking into a chair, and covering his face with his dirty pocket-handkerchief.

"My will," continued the Dr. Biggin, firmly. "Now then—begin."

He cleared his voice and dictated very intelligibly and clearly the provisions for the disposition of his property, which amounted to some forty thousand dollars. A legacy of a few hundreds was left to Jack Glossop, but the bulk of the property, real estate, bank stock, etc., was devised to Philostratus Capias and to Horatio Slymer, as a token of a long, and unutterable friendship.

When Capias heard these provisions, he burst into tears, while Slymer rocked himself to and fro on his chair, and groaned terribly.

"Such generosity!" said the lawyer, screwing his knuckles into his eyes.

"Such unexpected—no! it is too much!" said Slymer.

"Write! write what I bid you!" said the doctor. And away went the lawyer's pen, scratching for dear life.

"You're sure there's no flaw in that instrument!" asked the doctor, when Capias had made an end.

"I'll stake my life on its accuracy!" answered Capias.

"I wish you'd left me out of the will—I really don't deserve it," said Slymer.

"You are too modest—my dear friend," said the doctor. "Now leave the paper there. I'll summon witnesses and sign it before an hour passes over my head."

"I hope," said Capias, solemnly—"that you'll get over this ill turn, and enjoy a long life, doctor."

And he pressed the doctor's hand.

"And I wish the same," said Slymer, taking the hand which Capias relinquished.

"Let us send for a doctor," said Capias.

"Yes, for Dr. Warren," said Slymer.

"No, no—I want no doctor," said Biggin.

"Though we must leave you now," said Capias.

"With reluctance," suggested Slymer.

"With reluctance, said Capias (thank you, Slymer), we'll call again soon, and see how you get on."

"Stay," said the doctor. "Short accounts make long friends. What am I to pay you, Capias?"

"Nothing!" said Philostratus, magnanimously. "After your generous remembrance, it would be—"

"Robbery," suggested Slymer.

"Yes, robbery," said Capias. "Thank you, Slymer."

"Well, then, accept my thanks," said the doctor.

There was another shaking of hands, and then the visitors left

"Are those rascals gone, Jack?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sir."

"Then sit right down and copy off that will. Of course it's correct in form. With that legacy before him, Capias wouldn't leave a knot hole. Ha, ha! I did the lawyer handsomely. Copy the document—but in place of the two larger legacies, say, five dollars a piece to Slymer and Capias, to buy mourning rings to remember me by."

"And the rest of your property, sir?"

"To John Glossop—my faithful servant, and true and only friend."

"Dr. Biggin!"

"Didn't you hear me?"

"But, sir—have you no relations?"

"Not one in the world."

"But the charitable societies?"

"You can be as charitable as you like, Jack."

"O, doctor," said Glossop, bursting into tears. "This is too much. What will the world say?"

"The world, Jack? Everybody that knows you and I, will say that every dollar of that property belongs righteously to you. You kept the property together—you helped me make the money. It was by starving you and getting your services for almost nothing, that I was enabled to save it up. Take it without scruple. Only see me decently buried. But write—write, Jack—there's no time to be lost."

Glossop accomplished his task with a heavy heart. He forgot in that moment all the faults of the testator. He only saw in him the most generous of men.

"Have you finished?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sir."

"Then go out and get two of the neighbors to witness my signature. Laddles, the gardener, and Meechly, the tollman, if you can find 'em."

After a short absence Glossop returned with the individuals the doctor had named.

"Sorry to see you so ill," said the gardener.

"But sich is life. Man springs up like a hop-pergrass, flourishes like sparrergrass, and is cut down like peppergrass. But he's honly transplanted from this wale of tears into better soil."

"I hope you'll get round agin, doctor," said Meechly. "But death's a tollman that everybody has to pay and pass once in his life."

"I know it, neighbors," said the doctor. "And I'm setting my house in order. Been making my will. Take note, gentlemen, that you find me calm and rational."

"Perfectly," said Laddles.

"All right, sir," said Meechly; "but I'm afeared you're going over a walk."

"Hand me the document," said the doctor to Glossop. "And you, Mr. Meechly, just be good enough to lift me up. There—that'll do. Give me a pen now. It's done—and a fair signature."

"As bold as John 'Ancocks on your Declaration of Hindependence," said Laddles, as he affixed his name.

Meechly did the same, without a remark.

"And now, neighbors," said Dr. Biggin, faintly, "I must bid you good morning. For I'm weary and sleepy." And he sank back on his pillow.

Laddles and the tollman retired, and Glossop took advantage of the ensuing slumber of the doctor, to call in a physician. The man of skill was by the bedside when Dr. Biggin awoke.

"Who sent for you?" asked the doctor.

"Mr. Glossop," answered the physician.

"O, then it's all right," said the apothecary, and submitted with docility to an examination.

Glossop followed the physician down stairs.

"Any hope?" he asked.

The doctor shook his head. "He may last till to-morrow—but he must soon die of exhaustion. He is proof against stimulants, but a little morphine may make him easy if he suffers any pain."

But Dr. Biggin did not last through the night. The clock had just struck midnight, when Glossop, who was watching by the bedside, noticed a change in his countenance. The patient had been tolerably bright previously. He had given his consent for Glossop to read some passages of Scripture and to make a prayer—and he had said Amen to the last, as he grasped the hand of his friend. Then he fell into a slumber. He now stirred uneasily—and there was a gurgling in his throat. He opened and shut his eyes several times, and finally fixed them on Glossop's face. The young man bent over him anxiously. Dr. Biggin took his hand.

"Jack," he gasped, "I'm going. Don't forget me—only forget—the wrong I did you once. Good—good-by, Jack."

A slight shudder passed through his frame—he sank powerless—he was no more. Poor, tender-hearted Jack Glossop burst into an agony of tears. All night he watched the body, and early next morning the news of Dr. Biggin's death was all over the neighborhood. Mr. Slymer, the editor, heard of it at the bar of the "Cat and Mastiff," which he visited regularly at sunrise; and overjoyed at the event, rushed to his office, and prepared the following obituary, for the second edition of the "Daily Bugle."

"DIED. In this city, at an early hour this morning, of rapid consumption, Dr. Zenas Biggin, the well-known chemist and apothecary. He was a man of the profoundest science, and the highest professional skill. But it is as a private citizen that his loss will be mourned by the whole community. He was a man of great wealth, honorably earned, and as charitable as wealthy. No needy applicant ever asked his aid in vain. His hand was open as the day to melting charity. And his beneficence fell like the dews of heaven, unseen. The daily beauty of his life, his rigid temperance in all things, his even and gentle temper, his deep and unaffected piety, his gentlemanly bearing, his kindness to all who approached him, render him a bright example of the virtues. We shall never look upon him again. His end, like his life, was that of a true Christian. And of him it may be truly said, that 'nothing in his life so graced him as the manner of his leaving it.' May he rest in peace."

Dr. Biggin's funeral took place the day after his death. There were some half-a-dozen carriages following the hearse, but they were not full. The only sincere mourner was Jack Glossop. Slymer and Capias figured in new suits obtained on credit for the occasion, and their behaviour at the grave would have been very affecting, if it had not been very maudlin. The carriage that brought them to the cemetery set them down again at the "Cat and Mastiff," for grief is proverbially dry, and mourners with huge legacies proverbially thirsty. Let the reader fancy the boundless wrath of the exemplary pair when they discovered that they had both been tricked by the dying man—one out of his labor and the other out of an obituary notice which ran the rounds of all the papers. The lawyer talked of breaking the will—the editor of eating his own words—but that was impossible. So they finally devoured their chagrin in silence—washing it down with Lethean draughts.

It was thus that Jack Glossop was enabled to buy out Perkins, leaving a large portion of his property invested beyond the chances of trade; and it was a great consolation to Matthew as he parted from his friend on the eve of his return to New York, to reflect that he was now comfortably settled for life.

"You only want one thing more, Jack," said he, "to complete your happiness. A wife."

Jack Glossop shook his head mournfully.

"I shall never marry," said he—"I have loved once. It was a love for a child—but she was an angel—and my heart is true to the memory of that child-love of mine—poor little Bessie!"

Matthew pressed his friend's hand tenderly, and they parted. Early the next morning, the Providence stage carried the Milfords out of town on their way to New York.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACULTIES OF ANIMALS.

Among the mental problems which occupied much of the attention of Ampere, was the vexed question of the nature of the faculties of animals. He originally decided against their capacity to reason, but abandoned the opinion in deference to a single anecdote related by a friend on whose accuracy he could rely. This gentleman, driven by a storm into a village public house, ordered a fowl to be roasted. Old-fashions then prevailed in the South of France, and turnspits were still employed in place of the modern jack. Neither caresses, threats nor blows could make the dog act his part. The gentleman interposed. "Poor dog, indeed!" said the landlord, sharply; "he deserves none of your pity, for these scenes take place every day. Do you know why this pretty fellow refuses to work the spit? it is because he has taken it into his head that he and his partner are to share alike, and it is not his turn." Ampere's informant begged that a servant might be sent to find the other dog, who made no difficulty in performing the task. He was taken out after awhile and his refractory partner put in, who began, now his sense of justice was satisfied, to work with thorough good will, like a squirrel in a cage.

A similar incident was related by M. de Liancour to the great Arnauld, who, with other Port-Royalists, had adopted the theory of Descartes, that dogs were automatons and machines; and who, on the strength of this conviction, dissected the poor creatures to observe the circulation of the blood, and denied that they felt. "I have two dogs," said the remonstrator against this cruelty, "who turn the spit on alternate days. One of them hid himself, and his partner was about to be put in his place. He barked and wagged his tail as a sign to the cook to follow him, went to the garret, pulled out the truant, and worried him. Are these your *machines?*" The great Arnauld, mighty in controversy and redoubtable in logic, must have had a latent consciousness that the turnspit had refuted him.—*London Quarterly Review.*

PERFORATED OR SOLID BRICKS.

Some experiments have lately been made on the comparative sustaining power of patent perforated bricks of the ordinary kind. In each case, a pier of four courses of the bricks to be tested, was built in Roman cement, on the table of a powerful hydraulic press, and allowed at least twenty-four hours thoroughly to set. A light scale-board was suspended to the safety valve lever of the press, on which there were placed successive weights, until the pier of bricks on the table of the press was crushed. The number of weights was increased a quarter of a pound at a time—being equivalent to an increment of ten tons upon the press—commencing at thirty tons, this starting point being the effect due to the united weights of the lever and scale-board. The pumps were worked very slowly, to eliminate the concussion produced otherwise by the inertia of the water. The first experiment was made with good ordinary brick in a pier of eighteen inches square, built in four courses. This showed symptoms of failing with one hundred and ten tons, and was crushed with one hundred and fifty tons. A pier of the same dimensions of perforated bricks began to crack with two hundred and seventy tons, and was crushed with three hundred and fifty tons.—*Saturday Gazette.*

REMARKABLE DREAM.

A late traveller in France says that there is an ancient air about the celebrated Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, that is very pleasing, and that very simplicity, amounting to a fault, has something touching in its quaintness. Many of the monuments behind the grand altar are of interest, and some of considerable beauty. There is one in the sacristy of particular interest; it was erected by the Duchesse d'Harcourt to commemorate the death of her husband and a remarkable dream that predicted the event. He was ambassador at the court of Vienna while she remained in Paris. She dreamed that she saw him lying sick and dying in his coffin, and that as she rushed forward to rescue him, he leaned forward to embrace her, and in this act expired. The letter acquainting her with his death informed her that it had occurred at the very hour which she had beheld this vision. So extraordinary a circumstance was commemorated by her in a monument where the scene of the dream is represented.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

RAILROAD INCIDENT.

It was late. The lamps of the car burned dimly. In one seat were a "happy couple" rejoicing in a carpet bag, two band boxes, a basket, a brown paper parcel, and a "sleeping cherub." Suddenly cherub—a girl of some three years' experience in this strange world—awoke from one of those undisturbed slumbers that are among the inalienable prerogatives of blameless childhood, and climbed up so as to stand and look over the back of the seat. Two careworn, travel-weary and half-awake men sat directly in front of the innocent little creature—They looked as if they had been on board of railroad cars for a month, and had journeyed from the regions about sunset. The great, curious eyes of the child fell upon them. She scanned carefully the faces of each, and one would have deemed her to be an infantile physiognomist. Presently one of them looked at her. It was evident that she rather liked him, of the two, and had about made up her mind to speak to him; for instantly her little voice was heard, as she piped out the query:

"Does you love little girls?"

The man looked at her a moment rather gruffly, and then replied:

"No—I don't."

A shade of unutterable disappointment and surprise was instantly daguerreotyped upon the sweet and blooming countenance of the child, but passed away when she replied:

"Yes, you do."

The man roused himself and took another look. He was evidently both puzzled and interested; and he said, "How do you know?"

And she replied, "'Cause you look as if you did."

This thawed him out some, and he said:—"I have got a little girl at home."

The little questioner now evidently felt that she was on the right "track," and after a look that showed that this intelligence presented a new and unexpected view of the affair, renewed the conversation earnestly, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Does you love your little girl?"

"Yes."

"Is she a real good little girl?"

"Sometimes she is."

"Is she naughty sometimes?"

"Yes."

"Does she go down in the kitchen when she hadn't ought to do?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Do you whip your little girl when she is naughty?"

"Sometimes."

"Does she cry when you talk to her, and tell her she is naughty?"

"Yes."

"*Then* do you whip her?"

"Sometimes."

"When she says she is sorry, do you whip her then?"

"No never"

The little creature's eyes danced and sparkled at this, and drawing conclusions no doubt from her own experience, she exclaimed:

"I'a real glad, I is."

Then looking at the other man, who had refused to answer the question she had put him, she said to her newly made friend, with a look of wonder:

"That man won't speak to me? Does he love little girls?"

The man had a heart somewhere, and he thawed out. Rousing himself, he extended his brawny hand and said:

"How do you do, sissy?"

And the little creature, not altogether at her ease, replied:

"I's pretty well; how is you?"

By this time all within hearing of the coloquy were moved to tears; the eyes of the parents of the little prattler were full to overflowing, and those who were nearest heard one of the men she had questioned say to the other:

"She's a little witch."

And so she was! her blooming beauty and infantile artlessness were powerful enough to break through the roughness, the weariness, the reverse and the indifference of the travel-worn men of the world, and to melt them to tears.—*Auburn American.*

A GREAT COUNTRY FOR A LAZY MAN.

Dr. McBean, in his letters on Nicaragua, recently, drew a picture of what could be done in that country by a man who was not disposed to waste time in labor, and yet wished to live independently. The government gave him two hundred and eighty acres of land, and the first necessity was for a house. This want was quickly supplied by the placing of four posts upright in the ground, the spaces between which were filled with the common cane, which grew in abundance around, and then plastering with mud. The roof was then thatched with grass, and the house was thus completed. Little furniture was needed, a hammock answering all the purpose of a bed and seat, and almost any kind of earthern vessel would answer to cook in. The next care was to plant about a dozen bananas or plantain trees, which needed no further care; planted with yams, which, if properly placed, would yield enormously. The common *frijole* and Lima beans would grow with the yams, as well as other vegetables, and the native fruits of the country were almost indigenous. The plantains and yams would yield more than enough for the subsistence of an entire family, and game of every variety could be shot almost from the door of the house. The climate was such as to render little or no clothing absolutely necessary, and thus, with one month's labor, a man can fix himself comfortably a year. Isn't that the country for a lazy man?—*New Orleans Picayune.*

CIGARS.

The finest tobacco in the world comes from the Havana. But there is only a limited area in Cuba in which that tobacco is produced; so that while the Havana tobacco may be of excellent quality in general, the best is the produce of a very small area, and is chiefly used in the island, or as presents, a very limited amount going into consumption. Tobacco, scarcely inferior to that from Havana, has, however, been brought from Trinidad, and the southern Russian provinces. Manufacture, on the other hand, exercises a great influence over the quality of tobacco. In Algiers, where the climate is most favorable, its cigars are not smokable, because they are badly prepared.

Again some English made cigars are of much greater excellence than many of the cigars imported from Havana, and paying the highest duty as manufactured tobacco; and there is no doubt whatever, that it is quite practicable to make cigars in this country which shall be undistinguishable in appearance, and not very distinguishable in flavor, from any except those first class Havana cigars which scarcely ever come into consumption.—*From Timbs's "Things not Generally Known."*

CURE FOR SNAKE-BITES AT CEYLON.—It may not be amiss to refer to a remedy for venomous bites, for which popular opinion in the east claims considerable efficacy; this is a paste made by moistening the powder of spiechanus with water, and applying it to the external injury. Some wonderful effects have been reported from the use of this simple means in various cases, of not only bites from venomous serpents but of stings by the scorpion and various poisonous fish.—*Narrative of Percy's Japan Expedition.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE REAPERS.

BY MRS. S. T. ELDREDGE.

By the margin of a fountain they have lain their sickles by.
They are resting on the greensward with their loaded wagons nigh;
They're a merry band of reapers, singing through the live-long day.
Their homes are filled with plenty and their barns with grain and hay.

Now they fill their earthen vessels with cold water to the brim,
For they know the cooling beverage will strengthen every limb;
Proud, honest, free and happy, ever ringing at their toil,
Telling whilst they reap together how they love to till the soil.

I have watched them from my lattice through the livelong summer's day,
I have seen them coming homeward with their loads of grain and hay;
Seen them quaffing from the fountain where the water's sparkle clear,
No poison lingers in its depths to fill their hearts with fear.

See, now they're coming homeward with a song upon their lips:
"Cold water, clear cold water, from the fountain bright that drips—
Cold water, clear cold water, free from every spot or stain,
It never caused a mother's heart to throb with grief or pain."

Think of the feeble colonists that knelt on Plymouth's soil,
Youth rides that frowned above them, asking God to bless their toil;
Now, a merry band of reapers, when the clouds betoken rain,
Can sing and talk together whilst they garner up the grain.

How I love to watch the reapers when returning from their toil,
They are strong, athletic youths—noble sons of Freedom's soil;
Now they're drinking from the fountain, shouting all the while with glee,
"Cold water is our beverage—*'tis stainless, pure and free.*"

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE TWO BRIDALS IN THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

BY EMMA CARRA.

"I WISH I had some money to buy me a ball; it is ball time now and all the boys have them," said Albert Griswold, gently winding his arms around his mother's neck, with his eyes turned towards his father, who half reclined on the sofa, wrapped up in his costly breakfast suit, and occasionally puffing from his aromatic cigar blue wreaths of smoke.

"Ask father," whispered the mother, in his ear; "he has plenty of money, you know, and I guess he will give you enough to buy you a ball."

"No, you ask him, mother; because I am afraid he will scold me for giving my other to Willie Mumford."

The father's eyes were on the morning paper he held in his hand, but he heard the conversation that passed between his wife and child, and though he made an effort to the contrary, he glanced in the direction where his son hung so caressingly on his mother's neck, just in season to catch the eyes of both. Leaning a little further forward, he buried his fingers in his vest pocket for a moment, and then drew out a piece of silver, saying:

"Here, Albert; now when you get another ball, see if you can keep it, and not give it to the first ragged urchin you meet in the street without one."

"Willie Mumford isn't an urchin, father," said Albert, timidly, "he is a good boy, and sits right side of me in school, and sometimes he helps me get my lessons."

Mr. Griswold seemed a little disconcerted for a moment, but he soon rallied, and without making any answer of reproof or otherwise, he held the paper a little nearer to his face, and went on with his reading.

"I have got twenty-five cents, mother," whispered Albert, as he again stepped back to his parent's side; "that will buy me a ball and a top, too," and for a moment he expressed his joy by being very profuse with his kisses, and then before one could be returned he bounded towards the door that led to the front hall. Mrs. Griswold gave a light tap on the carpet with her embroidered slipper: Albert looked back, wonderingly, and she made a slight movement of her hand for him to return and kiss his father. The boy hesitated an instant, and then his smile died away and he went noiselessly back, and without removing his hands from his side, he leaned his head forward and touched his lips to his father's cheek; but the latter didn't seem to notice it, so the boy turned softly away, and in another moment

money, and then he told his son that he was becoming tired of so much care, and in future Albert must take more of the responsibility of the office. Hettie, from the day of her entrance into the wealthy man's home, seemed to breathe into it a new air of happiness, for it was her study to please; perhaps she was more anxious because she knew that the truth must some day be known that she was a penniless orphan ere her marriage. A year had nearly sped by when Mr. Griswold spoke again of Mrs. Vinton's child. His wife made no immediate reply, and so the husband continued:

"Alice," he said, "I have made inquiries concerning that child, and I can learn nothing save that she was taken away from her miserable home, where her mother died, by a lady, to be educated and cared for. Now if Albert had not told me that Louisa has a mother living, I should think that his wife was a child of—of my old friend, William Vinton, for she looks very much like Mrs. Vinton in former days."

"And was that wretched mother the wife of your friend, and you so loath to befriend the child?"

"He was my friend once, Alice; but—but—" and he who through long years had worshipped gold, seemed now subdued, for white hairs had begun to thicken over his brow, and he felt that life would not endure forever, and as he neared the home prepared for all, remorse was busy at his heart and he could not smother its fires any longer. Mrs. Griswold, with woman's quick penetration, saw that her husband's heart was softened, and taking a seat by his side, said gently:

"With the exception of you and I, Louisa has no parents save an adopted mother;" and then she gradually revealed everything. Commencing with her early marriage, she told him how she had yearned for tenderness, and how unhappy she had been when he made money his idol, to the neglect of home and the duties of social life, and that she could not bear that Albert's happiness should be sacrificed in order that he should be united to a wealthy bride; and knowing that in every respect, save the lack of money, Louisa was one whom he would approve, she had not opposed her son's desire to marry her whom he had loved from boyhood up. Mr. Griswold was very pale during the recital, and yet he strove to be calm; but though he loved his son's wife, he could not give up at once the pride that had lingered around him for so many years, and now the inward struggle caused the pallid features. When the wife had done speaking, he arose, and for the first time in long years, pressed his lips to her cheek, saying:

"I do not blame you, Alice—God is just; but I cannot talk with you longer now;" and he seemed like one who makes a giant effort to appear calm when the heart is deeply moved, and then he added: "Tell no one of this interview at present, and in a few days you shall know more."

From this time, the change in Mr. Griswold's manner gradually increased, until his wife ceased to regret the love of former days, the object of which had long since settled down in life, the partner of one who was contented to share his home and once divided heart. Mrs. Claflin was sent for by her daughter, to make them a visit, and from that time her home was with her daughter and her adopted child. After several weeks passed by, Mrs. Griswold learned from her husband, that in early life, ere his marriage, William Vinton and he were intimate friends, and one evening, at a gaming table, they had played for money, when Mr. Vinton being successful, and getting excited by the play, said he would stake two thousand dollars, his all, against the same amount, with any one in the room. Mr. Griswold laid down the sum required and won. His friend was penniless. From that time Mr. Vinton took the downward road; misfortunes crowded thick upon him; his two children sickened and died, and in the midst of poverty the little Hettie was born. At length, in despair, he died a suicide. He had told his wife all, and after her husband's death, she in her poverty, begged Mr. Griswold to restore a part of the sum he had won; but he refused, and left her with her child to suffer, while he and his young wife lived luxuriously on the gains made from such a capital. The timid Mrs. Vinton had never sought his home, or she might have been more successful; and so she died, as the reader has seen, in want; but if the eyes could express it, she was not devoid of hope that her child would be provided for, when she saw the benevolent little boy whom Hettie had that morning told her of, standing with his mother at her bedside. Although Mrs. Vinton had ventured to send for Mr. Griswold, he went not to the dying one, and years after, the scene at the office was remembered only as a dream.

When Mr. Griswold saw that his wife and son took an interest in the little Hettie, he strove to crush it from the first, for fear that all would become public, and his wife and friends despise him for his baseness in retaining the money that left his friend a beggar. This was the sole cause of his dislike to the orphan; but Mrs. Griswold kept her husband's secret, so that his son and wife thought that his only objection was the lack of money on her part, and when this was reconciled, life glided smoothly with all.

EXTRAORDINARY POWER.

A new and surprising phenomenon in magnetism has just appeared in Paris, baffling every attempt at explanation. A young man by name Alexis Baumann, is discovered to possess a power of fascination in the visual organs, so powerful that it attracts towards him every object on which he fixes his gaze. Every *savant* in Paris has been occupied with this wonderful peculiarity, and hundreds of experiments have been tried; but not once has the power of young Baumann been found at fault. The object upon which the experiment is tried placed at a distance of about four feet, Baumann fixes his gaze steadfastly upon it, and presently the object, of whatever nature it may be, after quivering slightly for a minute or two, makes a sudden spring exactly towards his heart! This experiment has been tried many times a day for the last week, and has never failed. Several of the great magnetizing doctors have undertaken to prove the cause of this extraordinary gift, and we look forward to a bloodless battle between them and the Academie des Sciences upon the subject.—*Yorkshire (England) Telegraph.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

NEVER DESPAIR.

BY HELEN.

Nil Desperandum! though trials and sorrow
May to our fortune have added their store;
The dark clouds to day may disperse ere to-morrow,
And the sunlight of happiness shine evermore.

Nil desperandum! though all our friends leave us,
We to ourselves may still remain true;
For our heavenly Father will never deceive us,
But add to our blessings each day something new.

Nil desperandum! O, be not sad hearted,
Each in this world has his trouble and care;
But let our aim be, when earth's scenes have departed,
That we reach yonder heaven—there's perfect rest there.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BANDIT CHIEF.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

In the little town of Chieti, on the eastern coast of Italy, dwelt Carlos Bandettini and his wife and daughter Bianca. Bianca was a handsome, high-spirited girl, the favorite of all the village. Especially was she beloved by Antonio Brindisi and Stephano Foscari, the two handsomest youths in all the town. At the time my story opens, Bianca had declared her preference for Antonio, and they were publicly betrothed. Stephano was of a fierce, jealous disposition, and threatening vengeance, he suddenly left the village. All endeavors to discover his whereabouts proved of no avail; but that he had not gone far was evident from his occasionally appearing at his home, where his mother dwelt alone, with many comforts for her, for with all his faults, he had been a dutiful son. Bianca troubled herself very little about his place of retirement, and did not allow his threats to alarm her.

One day, sometime after the disappearance of Stephano, as Bianca was walking in the garden, she was startled by a rustling among the vines, and upon turning to the spot she saw Stephano standing before her. She saluted him very coldly and haughtily, and turned to enter the cottage, when Stephano sprang before her and prevented her from moving.

"Bianca, I have come to make you one more appeal, to give you one more chance to avert the misfortunes which shall surely overwhelm you, if you continue to resist all my entreaties."

"Go, you are tiresome," calmly and coldly spoke Bianca.

"Bianca, hear me! I love you far better than the coward to—"

"You only are the coward, trying to win a love with threats," angrily retorted Bianca.

"Beware! I tell you I love you, and you only spurn me. I have pleaded enough. Know then, proud girl, that I have joined the bandits, and your father's property shall be destroyed, himself taken captive, and only your consent to become my wife, shall free him from a lingering, painful death. What do you say now, Bianca?" he asked, mockingly.

"Nothing. I will never marry you; I will die sooner," and maintaining the same calm, cold exterior, though her heart throbbed wildly, Bianca brushed hastily past her tormentor, and entered the cottage, and upon reaching her chamber, she threw herself upon her knees before her crucifix, praying with white and trembling lips the Virgin Mary to save her family from the impending trouble. Rising, she by a violent effort controlled her feelings, and returned to the sitting-room where her mother sat spinning. All the rest of the day a shadow hung over Bianca; every noise made her start painfully, and when the hour for her father to return home came and past, and still he lingered, she snatched up her hat and set out to meet him across the fields. She had not gone far, when she met a body of peasants bearing a litter. Antonio Brindisi was in front, and immediately upon seeing Bianca, he sprang forward, and seizing her hand, endeavored tenderly to lead her back; but Bianca resisted steadily, and suddenly by a little impetuous motion, drew her hand from Antonio, and stepping to the side of the litter, she raised the cloth which covered the body and saw the features of her father. One dreadful shriek, and she sank senseless in her lover's arms. Slowly she recovered, and the peasants bore their sad load into the little cottage. Bianca's father had fallen from a high rock, struck upon his head, and died instantly, without a groan. So said the kind peasants; but upon going to her room Bianca saw a folded paper upon the window-sill, which she opened, and read as follows:

"A push for Bianca, I said, and the old man fell headlong over the rocks. Do you not falter now?"

A week later, and Bianca again felt the vengeance of her tormentor, for Antonio Brindisi her betrothed was missing, and no clue could be obtained as to his place of confinement, although every search was made. Another note lay upon the window-sill in Bianca's little room.

"Two gone, dear to Bianca's heart. Will she repent?"

This note was shown to all in the village, together with the other, but so close did the robbers keep themselves, that though search was continued night and day, no trace of their hiding-place could be discovered. Bianca for a time seemed prostrated by her trouble, but her youth and health enabled her to recover, and a few months after the death of her father, her mother and herself left the village and went to Rome, where through the influence of her friends, she was enabled to study, and become an actress, and in a short time a very successful one. At the end of four years, when she was about twenty-three, she was seized with a longing to return to her native village, and she did so. When Bianca arrived at Chieti, she found there had been established a small theatre, at which she agreed to act for a few nights. The villagers were in ecstacies. The day before her intended appearance, to her infinite horror, Stephano, grown older, and more wicked-looking, intruded himself upon her. Bianca was alone in the house, and, her heart sank within her when he began to plead his suit.

"You have come back to the village a lonely, sad woman, and may, perhaps, be willing to look with more favor upon the suit of one who has worn your image in his heart for long years. I am powerful and rich. What will be your answer now, when I again ask you to be mine?"

"My answer," said Bianca, slowly, "is that I despise you, and it is with greater loathing and hate than ever, that I look upon you. You are powerless now to do me any more harm."

"Fair lady," said Stephano, with a sneer, "I am not as powerless as you think for; I can again make your proud heart quiver, and perhaps falter. Listen: Antonio Brindisi is not dead as you have supposed him to be, but is imprisoned in a cave, which I alone can enter—and though kept from starving, he is ill-treated, and hard-worked. Say that you will be mine, and he shall be set free, given gold enough to last him his whole life."

"Villain! robber!" exclaimed Bianca. "Life and freedom to Antonio, purchased at such a price would be only curses, no boons. He can only die and I follow him. No, I will live to bring your head to its proper place, the block. Beware! for no matter how close you keep yourself, my eyes shall find out your hiding-place, and my voice seal your just doom."

With a low, mocking laugh, Stephano sprang from the room, and Bianca sank almost senseless upon the floor.

The eventful evening arrived, and the theatre was crowded to overflowing; many anxious to see their playmate and friend in her new life, and all eager to see the popular Bandettini. The play was far below any one of Bianca's accustomed pieces, being a simple comedy, suited to the capacity of the actors. The first scene was of scarcely any note, being merely an interview between Bianca and her lover. In scene second, the heroine is proceeding to the church to be married, accompanied by the girls of the village, as a train of honor, when they are surprised and seized by a band of robbers, the chief of whom is enamored of the young peasant girl. The curtain rose, and Bianca in bridal dress, followed by about a dozen young girls in holiday attire, entered at the back of the stage, singing the bridal chant. Suddenly a shriek is heard, and the bandits rush upon them. The bride rushes wildly across the stage, pale and shrieking—the bandit chief seizes her, and she swoons. The applause was tremendous, so well had Bianca acted her part, and many silly girls drew closer to each other and whispered—"only think, if it was true?" A moment, and the bride slowly opens her eyes, and partly raises herself, and the house comes down in another round of applause. Slowly raising herself, and looking wildly around, she makes a sudden bound forward, and reaches the foot lights, where sinking on her knees, and stretching out her hands to the audience, she exclaims in low, thrilling tones:

"Dear friends, this is no acting, the bandits are upon us! Look around, they are in your very midst."

The people turn, and behold! every door and window is guarded by a couple of ferocious-looking fellows, armed to the teeth. Blank horror filled the minds of the simple villagers, who always held the robbers in abject fear, and now the horrible strangeness of their situation keeps them sitting motionless with pale lips and cheeks. As Bianca gave the people the dreadful information, Stephano, the leader of the band, came forward from the back of the stage, and seizing Bianca rudely by the shoulder, dragged her upon her feet, exclaiming:

"By Jove! you shall go on! Myself and companions are interested in the play and wish to see the end. It is none of your business whether you play to real or actual robbers. Go on."

With a proud gesture, Bianca shook off the robber's hand and resumed her part, which was a pleading for the release of herself and companions. The spectators sat in dumb, helpless silence, watching with fascinated eyes the progress of the play, now rendered too real by the presence of the bandits. Clear, calm and thrilling, rose Bianca's voice as she pleaded earnestly to have her companions if not herself spared. Not the most eager, attentive listener could perceive the slightest faltering of voice or eye. While she was still pleading, the bridegroom and his train come to the rescue, and ranging themselves in order, present their sad load into the little cottage. Bianca's father had fallen from a high rock, struck upon his head, and died instantly, without a groan. So said the kind peasants; but upon going to her room Bianca saw a folded paper upon the window-sill, which she opened, and read as follows:

"Blank cartridges for stage robbers, bullets for real ones. Advance one step, Stephano, and I will fire."

Then turning to the people, she called upon them to help seize the robber, and he was soon bound, for the people needed only some fearless voice to arouse them from their stupor, and make them act.

Stephano was tried and convicted, and his head chopped off; but not before he had disclosed the place of Antonio's confinement, and the place for the bandits' rendezvous, which was in a large cave but a short distance from the village, the existence of which was never suspected, and which was found filled with booty. Antonio was released, and with undiminished affection was received by Bianca, and but few days elapsed before their nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicing. The little village of Chieti still is in existence; though it has increased in size and population and changed many of its customs, still the name of Bianca Bandettini and the Bandit Chief, is unforgotten.

GO IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG.

"Go it while you're young, for when you get old you can't." Exactly—go it—but not after misery; go it, but not after wine; go it, but not after dissipation, folly or vice, for when you get old you can't; and if you do you wont, for you will never get old! But go it—go it after your business; go it after virtue; go it after that pretty girl whom you want to marry; go it after those, for when you get old you can't, and there will be no use either of your going it then, for you will have health, wealth, honor, a good old woman and children to bless you, and you can take your case! But until you get old, go it after these things.—*Philadelphia Courier.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BALTIMORE OYSTER.

BY WILLIAM J. PARROTT.

It was a cold winter's night in the month of February; such a night as freezes the very blood as it courses through its dormant vessels, and brings vividly to mind the exquisite delights of a heated grate, and a warm, comfortable room. The fierce elements whistled coldly, as they sought any exposed crevice in the windows, jarring the loose sashes, and involuntarily causing one to draw nearer the scorching grate, to seek refuge from the inclemency without. It was just such an evening as renders the spirits depressed and melancholy, and when a laughable incident is always received with hearty bursts of applause, as if, in the excitement of the moment, we would shake off the gloomy terrors awakened by the tempestuous weather.

Four students were listlessly sitting near the remnants of an oyster supper, of which they had just partaken, whilst a professor of the school who had indulged his appetite, sat with his back leaning against the wall, in a half-dreamy, half-torpid state which *may* have been occasioned by the low, monotonous conversation carried on but a few paces from him.

Professor Hawson was one of the most intelligent as well as *intelligible*, of the teachers of this school of medicine, and we may say, *en passant*, that the college boasted of no small number of literary *savans*. He was very industrious in the pursuit of knowledge, and occupied so much of his time which should have been devoted to sleep, to the culture of his mind, that his optical orbs would frequently be eclipsed in sun-light. That may be explained, however, on rational principles, for being, as we have just remarked, rather nocturnal in his labors, it is probable, like all the species, his visual sense could scarce bear the light emitted by that effulgent planet. Yet he was a most accomplished man, deservedly securing the affections of all who reaped his acquaintance, and always popular among his friends.

"Come, professor," said one of the young men to whom we have just alluded, "you promised to indulge us with the recapitulation of that 'oyster' affair, and truly, I can think of no better opportunity than the present offers, for I am sure I never could relish it more intensely, and I long to excite my risible organs to—"

"I suppose you are aware that the muscles which excite laughter, are those which I have endeavored to impress upon your youthful minds in the lecture of to-day," interrupted he, in a grave tone. "I hope my instruction has not been without its benefit, and as I am anxious for you to improve, I will consent to relate the incident, if one of you will designate them."

"It's the 'obiculis oris,' 'buccaneer,' and—I forget the rest," remarked a blustering Englishman who "knew everything," and was always the first to murder technicalities, and turning to a student near, observed: "I remember the last, for I thought of Lafitte, 'the Buccaneer of the Gulf.'"

A simultaneous laugh at the ludicrous error, in which the professor joined, was the answer to his *wise* remarks, and the question being again propounded, was answered by a more modest disciple. Having arranged himself to his satisfaction, ensconced in the *softest* part of the chair, the story began.

"When I attended college in Louisville, not a great many years ago—for you know I am rather young yet—we had, one winter, a student by the name of Wilkins, who entered as a studious disciple of Esculapius. Wilkins was fresh from the country, and as verdant as a countryman who had never been but a few miles from his native village could well be. He was intelligent, as regards the acquirement of a few words in medicine, but so inflated with his imagined genius, that he readily conjectured he could be instructed in but little, even at college. A very prevalent error by the way"—glancing at his companions. His self-importance was so obvious, and his knowledge of the world so limited, that it did not require long for us to notice the deficiency. As I before remarked, he had always resided in the country, and, in common with many others, had never seen an oyster!—an ignorance which I assure you is hardly to be wondered at.

"We ascertained this fact, and accordingly prepared to enjoy a joke; so about four of us assembled one evening in our room, and after a brief conversation, I, as the spokesman, asked Wilkins if he wouldn't like to have an oyster supper?

"'An oyster! Well, I have often heard of those things, but to tell the truth, boys, I never ate one; but I wouldn't mind to taste them and see how they go!'

"'Well,' I remarked, 'I'll tell you what it is, Wilkins, we'll give you a dollar to buy a real, genuine Baltimore oyster; but listen! These fellows, if we are not careful, will try to deceive you. If they think you are a greenhorn they will give you the *shavings* of the real Baltimore oyster. Now a perfect oyster is as big as your head.'—Wilkins's head was unusually large—but if they imagine you never saw any but a shell, they'll hand you the *shavings* which are not so big as your hand! So when you enter, walk right in as if you knew what you were about, and be sure that you don't buy anything but the real Baltimore oyster.'

"Wilkins promised acquiescence, and off we started, and ultimately arrived at a large restaurant, the signs indicating the fact of a provision of 'Fresh Baltimore Oysters.'

"'Here is the place, Wilkins, and now be sure you are not imposed upon.'

"In Wilkins goes, with a strut as consequential as a lord's, and a look which meant he knew what he wanted. Striding up to the bar, he called out in a loud tone to the attendant:

"'Here, you, I want a Baltimore oyster!'

"'Yes, sir, how many will you have?'

"'Why, *one* to be sure!' returned he.

"The fellow looked somewhat surprised, but judging that he wished to examine them, opened one and presented the bivalve to Wilkins.

"'I want a *Baltimore* oyster, I tell you; a *real Baltimore oyster!* I know what I am about!'

"'That is a Baltimore oyster, sir.'

"Wilkins drew himself up, compressed his mouth and tried to look fiercely, whilst we gave him a nudge, whispering that that was the way, he'd get it presently.

"'Look here, you—you needn't think I've got no money. There's a dollar,' taking it out of his pocket, and slapping it down with a loud rap. 'And now I know what a Baltimore oyster is, as well as you do. I aint green; you can't humbug me with your *shavings* no how you can fix it,' he said, with a contemptuous sneer.

"The bar-keeper hardly knew whether the fellow was mad or drunk, but observing his look of determination, he rather thought the latter, and politely informed him that he had no other. By this time, quite a crowd had gathered around us, and we were almost convulsed with laughter; but Wilkins, turning to the assembled and astonished spectators, cried with a semi-tragic air:

"'Gentlemen, this fellow takes me for a fool. I offered him a dollar for a real Baltimore oyster, and he wont give me anything but the *shavings!* Now, you see I haven't lived this long for nothing, and I assure you I am rather too old to be taken in in that way.'

"A prolonged roar followed his quaint speech, and Wilkins took to his heels—packed his trunk—left college, and forgot to study medicine in Louisville."

TERRIBLE INCIDENT.

A commercial traveller whom business frequently called from Orleans to Paris—M. Edmund D——, was accustomed to go to a hotel, with the landlord of which he was acquainted. He arrived a few weeks ago at the hotel, where he was in the habit of staying. One evening after supper he invited the people of the hotel to go to his chamber to take coffee, and he promised to tell them a tale full of dramatic incident. On entering the room, his guests saw on a bed, near which he seated himself, a pair of pistols. "Mr story," said he, "has a sad denouement, and I require the pistols to make it clearly understood." As he had always been accustomed, in telling his tales, to indulge in expressive pantomime, and to take up anything which lay handy, calculated to add to the effect, no surprise was felt at his having prepared pistols. He began by narrating the loves of a young girl and a young man. "They had both," he said, "promised, under the most solemn oaths, inviolable fidelity. The young man, whose profession obliged him to travel, once made a long absence. While he was away he received a legacy, and on his return hastened to place it at her feet. But on presenting himself before her, he learned that, in compliance with the wishes of her family, she had just married a wealthy merchant. The young man thereupon took a terrible resolution. He purchased a pair of pistols like these," he continued, taking one in each hand; "then he assembled his friends in his chamber, and after some conversation placed one under his chin, as I do, saying, in a joke, that it would be a pleasure to blow out his brains, and at the same moment he pulled the trigger." Here the man discharged the pistol, and his head was shattered to pieces. The unfortunate man told his own story.—*Paris Droit.*

News Glances.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.—Two French workmen, for speaking disrespectfully of Louis Napoleon, have been sentenced to five years imprisonment, and to ten years surveillance of the police. Perhaps Louis Napoleon's reign may not last the period of their sentence.

VARIETIES OF PLANTS.—There are two hundred thousand varieties of plants spread over the surface of the globe. Even the Arctic zone has its mosses and flowers, and green things cling to the summit of the Himmalayas.

GAS-LIGHT.—About the 1st of November, St. Paul, Minnesota, will be lighted with gas, so rapidly do luxury and art follow in the footsteps of civilization. The wheat crop of Minnesota, by the way, is a large and fine one.

MAKING MONEY.—It is said that Catherine Hayes, the vocalist, has accumulated a fortune of $300,000. We hope this story is true, though the fortunes of professional persons are generally largely exaggerated.

TREMONT TEMPLE.—The Transcript says that this large and admirably adapted house for public worship has been secured by the Baptist Society now worshipping there, as a free temple for religious services forever.

WATCH CASES.—Eleven firms in Philadelphia are engaged in manufacturing watch cases, and half a million of dollars' worth of gold in a year, turning out five hundred cases a week.

COOKERY BOOKS.—A cookery book should always be illustrated, for what is the use of giving directions for dressing food, and setting a table without *plates?*

GOLD!—The Virginia gold mines which have been partially forgotten in the California and Australian fevers, are again being profitably worked.

ROYALTY.—The queen of England has less direct authority in making laws than the president of the United States.

A LADY'S AGE.—"How old is that young lady, sir?" "O, sir—she varies all the way from seventeen to thirty."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Twelve persons have been *hanged* in the United States, in about as many days of July! Sad to think of.

BATHERS BE CAREFUL.—We counted thirty-two deaths by drowning, recorded in New England papers in one week the first of August.

TRAVELLING SHOWS.—It is a mystery to us how so many circus exhibitions get a living. There are three large ones in this vicinity now.

GERMANS.—There are something over four millions of Germans now in this country.

CHOLERA.—This fell destroyer is raging again in India, according to last accounts.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

REMOVAL!

We have removed our office of publication to No. 22 Winter Street, in the large building especially erected for our business, and where we shall be happy to meet our patrons.

LABOR-SAVING MACHINERY.

We see that experiments have been recently made in England with two or three machines designed to perform the operation of ploughing by steam. They were, to a certain extent, successful, and will probably stimulate inventors to yet farther exertions in the same direction The man who shall invent a steam plough that will perform its work well with a moderate consumption of fuel, and at a moderate cost, would win imperishable glory. The steam plough would be the great civilizer of the world, and would rank as the most important among the many wonderful and tireless engineers that daily, throughout the world, perform the work that millions of hands could not accomplish so well.

The multiplication of machinery is effecting the greatest changes in the social condition of the human race. More human thews and sinews can no longer compete with arms of iron, sinews of steel, and lungs of bronze. Steam machinery has already broken the chains of millions, by emancipating them from the severest drudgery; it drives piles, it digs earth, it mows fields. It is not the enemy of labor, for it creates a demand for intelligent and educated labor. Its tendency is to promote culture and education among the masses, for in time only cultivated labor will find employment.

"Machinery," says the "Merchant," "is in truth working the greatest revolution in the history of the world, and it is time that its power was fully recognized. It is already doing the work of millions of men. It has given the death-blow to unskilled labor. It is every day making muscular labor less a necessity; brain labor more a duty. It is a mighty democratic agent that is sundering the bondage of ages. The unskilled laborer was ever the vassal of kings, lords, priests, or his own rude passions. Why should we mourn that his place is likely to be filled by a nobler class of men? When machinery was first introduced for agricultural purposes in England, many farm laborers—who are as a class one of the least skilled and the most servile—rose in anger and burned all the machines they could lay their hands on. Their rage was impotent, for each year machinery has increased in power ant extent, and will continue to increase. It is in vain for any body of men to seek to check its progress or to compete with it. The handloom weavers of England attempted to do the latter, and worked from early dawn until long past midnight, and still died paupers. Many of these men had been offered employment in factories, but they stubbornly refused, and worked madly on until their strength was utterly exhausted. This was one of the errors of not recognizing the power of machinery, and there are thousands more that might be named."

No one would dispute the advantage of an improvement in agriculture by which two blades of grass could be made to grow where one did before, and an improvement in machinery by which the same labor doubles the quantity of cloth, or any other useful article is the same in its general character. Still, in countries densely populated, and with unskilled laborers depending on their hands for their daily bread, labor-saving machines should be gradually introduced.

"THE SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO."—We have still on hand a few copies of this charming and attractive ornament for the centre table. Every lover of the gun and fishing-rod should possess a copy. Its illustrations are *twenty large and elegantly engraved scenes*, relating to every line of American field-sports, with ample letter-press. Enclose us twenty-five cents, and a copy will be forwarded to you by return of mail. We have but a few dozen copies left, and this book will not be reprinted.

CAN'T BE SO.—It is said that the coroners in San Francisco put bodies "found drowned," over which they have held an inquest, where they will be "found drowned" again and again, so as to duplicate their fees on the same poor remains. We must be excused for not crediting the story.

SPAIN.—While the Spanish government have been blustering about Mexico, and filling the gulf with its men-of-war, one of the most serious revolts against the powers that be has taken place at home which has occurred for many years. Poor Spain! Heaven is just!

THE FLAG AND PICTORIAL.—It is a pleasant fact that nine-tenths of the subscribers of *The Flag of our Union* are also subscribers to *Ballou's Pictorial*. The two papers are sent together for four dollars a year.

A GOOD IDEA.—An association has been effected in Paris to discourage the use of tobacco in all forms for me. Millions of dollars are wasted in this country upon tobacco.

WEST POINT.—Col. Hardie, of the dragoons, has been appointed commander of the cadets at West Point, vice Brevet Major Walker.

RICH LIVING.—At a banquet in Japan, Commodore Perry was treated to eleven courses of soup and gingerbread.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

The course of empire pursues indexibly the apparent course of the sun from East to West. The far East was the cradle of the race. Thence multiplying and expanding, the mighty army moved westward and halted for a time on the confines of Europe and the outskirts of Africa. In its progress, the mighty Assyrian and Babylonian empires rose and fell; the wilderness blossomed, was covered with splendid cities—worlds in themselves—and then withered to a desert. Egypt had its centuries of glory followed by its centuries of night. Greece and Rome flourished for a season, and then fell. After civilization and humanity had set up their beacon towers on the heights of Europe, the Saracenic wave, sweeping along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, rolled into Spain at the pillars of Hercules, and threatening to overtop the Pyrenees, menaced Europe with a Moslem deluge, and was stayed by one of those decisive battles which settle for ages the fortunes of empire. Then the old world, reviving and putting forth new strength, stretched her arm out to the West. At the appointed season, an entire new world, a virgin bride, was given to the great family of nations. Westward still, in obedience to an immutable law, the star of empire rolled.

In the new hemisphere humanity has exhibited an original phase of character; with the same old passions, the same old aspirations, but with a far different energy and a far more vital impulse. The offspring of European colonists planted on these shores have performed in little more than three centuries an amount of work which had ever occupied many centuries in the slow process of civilization of which ancient history offers us the record. With all the evidences of prosperity, and strength, and enduring glory that surround us, it is difficult to believe that our country will ever know the withering decay that overtook the empires of the old world and of old times. Yet such must be its fate. Our cities, after having reached a height of splendor never before known in the world, must crumble to ruins; our ports must know no more the gladness of myriad sails; our busy millions must be laid beneath a desolate soil. The star of empire will continue to perform its circuit. Asia will again be great and glorious in the cycle of centuries, and the old drama of civilization be re-enacted on the self same stage; for history is not only the mirror of the past—it is the magic glass in which we read the future.

THE FRENCH NAVY.

Of late years the French have paid great attention to naval affairs, and their national vessels are well built and well manned. The navy of France in 1854 comprised fifty-three ships of the line, carrying 5696 guns; fifty-eight frigates, with 3955 guns; thirty nine corvettes (sloops-of-war), with 868 guns; and one hundred and forty other vessels, carrying 1854 guns, making an aggregate of 290 sailing vessels, carrying 11,773 guns. The steam fleet consisted of three ships of the line, twenty frigates, thirty corvettes, and sixty-four other vessels, with engines in the aggregate equal to 28,750 horse power. Since 1854, the force of the French navy has been slightly increased.

"BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."—The rapidly increasing subscription list of our favorite illustrated paper is very flattering and agreeable to us. We commence in the number for next week a delightful novelette by MRS. CAROLINE ORNE, authoress of "Elvie the Foundling," etc., etc. The new story is entitled: "THE LOST HEIR: or, *The Young American Soldier.*" A Tale of 1812. Let our *Flag* subscribers remember that we send *Ballou's Pictorial* and the *Flag* together for four dollars a year.

THE ICE TRADE.—As an industrial pursuit the ice trade of the United States is far from an insignificant one. From six to seven millions of dollars are employed in its prosecution, and the sales do not fall short of thirty million dollars annually, amounting, even in its present imperfect development, to about one third of the value of the cotton crop, and one-fourth of that of the wheat crop of the whole country.

PERSIAN LADIES.—The Persian ladies are not quite the Peris that poets and romancers would make us believe. They are strong-minded, strong-tongued, and strong-handed, with a dash of the Highlander in their tempers. They generally end a dispute with each other by taking off their iron-heeled slippers, and using them on each other's heads until the breach is *healed*.

SUNKEN WEALTH.—"Davy Jones's Locker" must contain an immense amount of treasure. In 1834, twenty-five millions of dollars were sunk in the ocean; in 1835, which was comparatively free of storms, only fifteen millions, making an average of twenty-five millions per annum for two years.

PATRIOTIC MOVEMENT.—The Transcript says that subscription books will shortly be opened in this city to secure funds for obtaining an equestrian statue of Washington, by Crawford, the American sculptor, to be placed on the hill near the great elm on Boston Common.

A DEATH-LEAP.—A Frenchman's love of glory is conspicuous even in his mode of committing suicide. The other day a Parisian flung himself from the top of the arch of the Etoile, and was instantly killed.

HOMINY.—The London Times gravely informs its readers that hominy is made of Indian meal The Times man has yet a luxury in store when he makes the acquaintance of the genuine article.

TAXES.—We see it stated that the carriage tax paid in London amounts this year to $2,912,265; but there must be a mistake in the figuring.

BATHING.—In all our great cities there ought to be free baths for the people. As it is, bathing is too costly a luxury for the poor.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Smith, the executioner of Palmer, attracts customers as bar-tender in an English inn.

In the past three years 4725 horses have been eaten by the poor of Vienna.

The obelisk at Inkermann, commemorative of the battle, has just been completed.

The Russians are sending money to the sufferers at Lyons. Only think of it.

The new Manchester (Eng.) Exchange is said to be the largest room in Europe.

Campbell says that the word *daisy* signifies the "eye of the day."

The annual cost of keeping the London streets in repair is £1,800,000 sterling.

England boasts of her great wits, but New England can show a *Whittier*.

Roger Bacon in 1274 described gunpowder as a common plaything everywhere.

Two women lately engaged in a prize fight near Gloucester, N. Y.

The water-pipes in this city are not large enough to allow the fountains to play.

A man who tries to bolt a door with a boiled carrot must be absent-minded.

The Russian government will publish a revision of its tariff this autumn.

A man in Concord was lately sent to jail for thirty days for brutally beating a horse.

The Mississippi must be bridged, but not so as to arbridge navigation.

A blue-winged heron of great size was lately shot on the Merrimac at Hunt's Falls.

Nineteen steamships left this country for European ports during the past month.

The commerce of St. Petersburg, Russia, has been very brisk since the peace.

On one of the railroads in France beds are furnished to the passengers.

Let a man understand you think him faithful and it makes him so.

MUNIFICENT DONATION.

Among the literary treasures of this vicinity, scholars have long known of the existence of a fine private library, the property of Mr. Joseph Dowse, of Cambridge. Mr. Dowse, who is now more than eighty years of age, made the collection himself, and the Hon. Edward Everett, in one of his published addresses, speaks strongly of the value of the books, and the taste evinced by their owner in its selection. The collection of such a library is the more remarkable since Mr. Dowse is not a member of the literary fraternity, and in early life enjoyed only very ordinary educational advantages. He is by trade, we believe, a leather-dresser, but has had the good taste to devote some of his honorable earnings in the purchase of good books, and his leisure to making himself thoroughly acquainted with their contents. He has performed a generous act which merits the highest praise: he has presented the Massachusetts Historical Society with the whole of his costly and cherished library, on the sole condition that the books shall be kept together. At a special meeting of the Society, of which Hon. Robert C. Winthrop is president, this magnificent donation was announced by Mr. Winthrop, who spoke of it as it deserved. Mr. Everett and others following.

The Massachusetts Historical Society consists of sixty members, and originated, in 1790, with Dr. Jeremy Belknap, Judge Minot and others, who were desirous of preserving historical papers and gathering historical fact. The society owns and occupies the stone building on the south side of the Boston Museum, in which there is a fine library and a picture gallery containing many valuable portraits. Their published "Collections," containing a vast amount of choice historical documents, numbers fifty-three volumes.

WATER-TIGHT BULKHEADS.—Almost all our new vessels are now built with water-tight compartments. Their advantages were lately strikingly manifested in the voyage of the steamer Santiago. She was running down the coast of Chili, when she struck a rock and stove her bow. Had she been unprovided with a water-tight bulkhead, she would have gone instantly, and probably every soul on board would have perished; but that bulk-head saved her, and she was able to get into the harbor of Callao with every man, woman and child on board safe and sound.

FEES AT FUNERALS.—A movement is being made in certain quarters to introduce a custom for clergymen to receive fees for attendance on funerals. In the German churches in this country it has long been customary to pay the ministers for this service. The Presbyterians some years since reprobated the custom, but are now taking a new view of the matter.

GOOD NEWS.—The wheat crop is now pretty well secured all over the country, except the extreme northern portions, and we have never known a harvest to pass with so little complaint of injury to the crops as this year. Indeed, the crops of all staples are abundant this season.

FRIGHTENED.—Vivier, the famous French horn-player, has become so alarmed at our numerous railroad accidents that he wont come to the United States unless his life is insured for fifty thousand dollars.

A GOOD PUN.—Theodore Hook once said to a literary man, at whose table his publisher had become intoxicated: "My dear sir, you seem to have emptied your *wine-cellar* into your *book-seller*."

"BOARDING ABROAD."—General Toddleben, the great Russian engineer, is making a military tour of Europe, examining the fortresses, etc. He is said to be the best military engineer living.

MORBID CURIOSITY.—A boy lately walked from Scotland to England to see Palmer hang. We are afraid he will "come to the gallows" involuntarily later in life.

GASTRONOMIC.—A cargo of 140 turtles lately arrived in this city. Green turtle soup is not hard to take.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Gipsey's Secret; or, The League of Guilt," a story of high and humble life, by the author of THE CONVICT'S CHILD.

"Not without Hope;" verses by MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

"Private Theatricals," a story by ANNE CHAIR.

"A Tragedy in Real Life," verses by E. S. CAPEN.

"The Newport Belle," a tale by FRANCES M. CRESSEY.

Lines written by my Mother, by HARRIET D. ANTHONY.

"The Adopted Child," a story by CLEMENT ANSON.

"My Brother's Star," stanzas by FRANK FORRESTER.

"The Blind Boy," a tale by WILLIAM B. CHILDS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Representation of the New Washington Monument in Union Park, New York.

View of the Belle—Mouth of the Mississippi River.

Towing on the Mississippi, from the Belize to New Orleans.

View of the New Insane Hospital, now building at Northampton, Mass.

Portrait of the Minute Men of 1776.

Representation of Massachusetts Militia of to-day at Review.

Portrait of Frederick S. Cozzens.

View of Cairo, junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

Scene on the Road to Jeddo, Capital of Japan.

Western view of Jeddo, Capital of Japan.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at 6c each a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4.00.

Foreign Items.

The marriage of Prince Frederick William of Prussia with the Princess Royal of England, it is now stated, will take place on the 1st of September, 1857.

It is proposed in London to establish a "Brigade of Guides" to the "sights" of that city, such brigade to consist of intelligent lads in want of employment.

There are now 4996 petitions on the table of the English Commons House, against opening the British Museum on Sundays, signed by 629,178 persons.

There is talk in London of forming an "Old Mortality Club" for the purpose of repointing and preserving inscriptions on monuments to persons of eminence.

The English frigate Terrible, now at Malta, is said to have been rendered completely unfit for service from the ravages committed by the destructive insects which abound in the Black Sea.

While the travelling Russians are pouring over the Prusso-Russian frontier, there is a stream of French invading the Czar's territory—teachers, dancing masters, cooks, actors, and artists of all sorts.

Espatoria has been completely given up to the Russians, who have hoisted their flag there. The 1200 Turks who remained there embarked for Constantinople on the same day that the town was restored.

At a recent sale in Paris, a letter of the poet Corneille was sold for $200. At the same sale a letter of Fenelon was sold for $42 50; one of Rochefoucauld for $70; and a signature of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, for $40.

The Paris Moniteur contains an account of the steps which have been taken by M. Delavo, the proprietor of the estate of Marengo, to "transform that celebrated field of battle into a living souvenir of the victory."

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit similar, yet superior, to our own.

A wife full of love, innocence and love is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

Make not a bosom friend of a melancholy soul: he'll be sure to aggravate thy adversity, and lessen thy prosperity.

One carries his friends in his heart so long as he continues to love them. Only that friend is lost whom we have ceased to love.

Whenever we drink too deeply of pleasure we find a sediment at the bottom which pollutes and embitters what we relished at first.

In conversation, humor is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge. Few desire to learn, or to think they learned it; all desire to be pleased, or if not, to be easy.

In the Bible the body is said to be more than raiment. But many people still read the Bible Hebrew-wise, backward; and thus the general conviction now is, that raiment is more than the body.

Weak men often, from the very principle of their weakness, derive a certain susceptibility, delicacy, and taste, which render them, in these particulars, much superior to men of stronger and more consistent minds, who laugh at them.

Intelligent conversation is the great charm of man, the finest solace of intellectual labors, and the simplest yet most effectual and delightful mode of at once resting and invigorating the mind, whether wearied by study or depressed by struggles with fortune.

Idleness is a disease that must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I, myself, have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as his inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good.

Joker's Budget.

What gentleman can, with any sense of propriety, ask a *fat lady* to join on his arm?

Why is a man who prefers his oysters on the half shell like a prima donna? Because both are fond of *fish-er*.

What is the difference between a confirmed sinner and a beggar? One is a mend-i-cant and the other is a mend-i-wont.

A Yankee, who has just commenced the study of Italian, wants to know how it is, if they have no *i* in that language, that "them chaps spells *onyon*?"

If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents' worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to buy a barrel? Answer to be handed in over the fence.

A man may, from hurry, or forgetfulness, or absence of mind, or some strong excitement, make his appearance without his wig, but when did a woman forget hers?—*Punch*.

A person of our acquaintance asked another how old he thought Miss K—— was. "I do not know her age exactly" he replied; "she varies a few years every twenty minutes."

Theodore Hook said to an alderman who had already surfeited him, and yet pressed him to partake of still another course—"I thank you; but if it's the same to you, I'll take the rest in money."

If you are a very precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Anne, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray, and others, that "Ann is an indefinite article."

"How much do you pay your waiters at this saloon?" asked an irascible gent of the proprietor of a restaurant. "One dollar per diem, sir." "Well, then, credit me with thirty cents, for I wanted two hours for my steak and one hour for my muffins!"

Quill and Scissors.

An ingenious mode of getting on one side of an ordinance was adopted by a man in Syracuse. The ordinance prevailed against ringing dinner bells in the streets to call passengers from the cars. He hung a large bell inside the saloon, which he rung vehemently, while a boy stood at the door swinging a pocketcross bell with no clapper!

A company of bull-fighters have been very successful at Havana, and the old Spaniards seem pleased at seeing the national amusement so well sustained. The bulls that have turned out the best are the Mexican bulls brought there in the steamer Mexico. The poor broken-down volante horses are sacrificed in great numbers.

The Greenock Advertiser says that a man was nearly poisoned by sucking an egg which he found floating in a river, the egg being impregnated with strychnine in order to kill common crows. A whole family, too, narrowly escaped poisoning by a hare impregnated with the same deadly substance for a similar purpose.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt has given her last concert in England, and she retires to a home, says the Times, which is now, and has been since she was married, one of unclouded happiness. It is supposed that the prima of Madame Goldschmidt, by her recent engagements, amount at least to £40,000.

The daily supply of Croton water is now stated at thirty million gallons, of which seventeen million gallons are estimated to run to waste, through the inadvertence or design of those who have the privilege of using. The entire thirty million gallons are now used each twenty-four hours in New York city.

Some years ago, a workman at the fortress of Ulm drowned himself in the Danube. In a pocket book which was in his clothes, found on the banks, there was written in pencil, "My name is John Kroner; I am from Neroastettin, and intended only to bathe."

The Northern Railroad in France carried, in 1855, no less than 5,500,000 passengers, equal to about one-sixth of the whole population of France. Of this number, 600,000 rode in first class cars, 1,360,000 in second class, and 3,400,000 in third class.

The powder mill, dry house, and all the buildings connected with the powder manufactory of Schall & Co., at Mount Carmel, Pa., was blown up, recently. One of the hands was killed and another wounded by the explosion.

An orphan girl of 20, with $5000 a year, advertises herself in a New York paper as wanting a handsome and respectable young man in marriage. She prints her picture, and it is pretty, and hails from Springfield.

A bank note detector gives the number of banks in the United States whose notes have not been counterfeited or altered at 463, and the number whose notes have been counterfeited or altered at 854.

The following remarkable coincidence took place in St. Francis County, Ark., a short time ago:—"A one-eyed man stole a one-eyed mule, was arrested by a one-eyed sheriff, and tried before a one-eyed officer."

The chimney of a vitriol factory in Providence, now building, is to be 214 feet high, 20 feet in diameter at the base, and 10 feet at the top. It is built thus high to carry off poisonous fumes.

Some of the newspapers are arguing in favor of making rail cars wholly of iron, and steamboats of the same material, so far as is practicable, to avoid disasters from conflagration.

Agricultural laborers are very scarce at the West, and in parts of Wisconsin and Iowa, the farmers are offering as high as $2 25 per day.

Strakosch is worth two hundred thousand dollars, one-half of which is in Chicago, in real estate which cost him not more than $15,000.

Blanchard's bent ship knees are found to be superior to natural knees.

The receipts of the English railways for the past six months were $49,765,310!

It is said that Judge Mason, our minister to France, is about coming home.

Congress has granted a pension of fifty dollars a month for five years to Decatur's widow.

The present population of Cuba is estimated to be about one million six hundred thousand.

The most popular men are seldom those of very shining qualities or strong virtues.

On Quinsigamond Pond, Worcester, they have a boat propelled by electricity.

A Russian baroness has lately been fined a thousand dollars for forging and swindling.

Some people think an editor is a public bellows, bound to puff everybody.

When a man is willing to appear poor, he deprives penury of its sting.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Charles J. Stuart, Jr., of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah Ann Dunbrett.

By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. William McMonagle to Miss Cordelia Fergo.

By Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. David W. Loring to Miss Susan S. Leach.

By Rev. Mr. Milner, Mr. J. Harris Perry to Miss Ada M. P. Simmons, both of Chelsea.

By Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. George Williamson to Miss Lizzie S. Edwards, of Chelsea.

By Rev. Mr. Grimes, Mr. William H. Jarves to Miss Lydia Crary, of Chelsea.

By Rev. Mr. Blickle, Mr. Daniel Campbell to Miss Susan L. Beckhardt.

At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Rev. S. B. Fairbank to Miss Mary Ballantine.

At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Allen, Mr. George S. Dudley to Miss Mary Ann Chamberlain.

At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. James E. Sheen to Miss Lydia A. Thomas, both of Lynnfield.

At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Abbott, Nathan Jones, M. D., to Miss Nancy B. Greenes.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. John Burke to Miss Nancy N. Maynard.

At Amesbury, by Rev. E. Mason, Mr. William A. Rowell to Miss Lucinda N. Bailey.

At Salisbury, by Rev. Mr. Sawyer, Mr. William A. Kenbett to Miss Sarah D. Osgood.

At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Asa W. Gill, of Guilford, to Miss Caroline Bedarta.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Eugene H. Gifford to Miss Rebecca T. Howland.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Sarah Harding, 65. Mrs. Olive Marshall, 84. Mrs. Sarah Emily Munroe, 21. Mrs. Abigail T. Nye, 80. Hugh Dugan, 73. Mr. William T. Stewart, 29. Mr. Daniel Bartlett, 55. Mrs. Lucretia L. Mann, 48. Mr. David Barry, 65. Mrs. Lucretia Phillips, 47.

At Charlestown, Mrs. Lucia Hall, 72.

At Brookline, Mr. Timothy H. Child, 72. Capt. Benjamin Bradlee, 70.

At Cambridgeport, Mr. John Rand, 44.

At Chelsea, Mr. Charles J. Hascall, 23.

At Milton Lower Falls, Mr. James Campbell, 76.

At Lynnfield, Mr. Charles Cunningham, 66.

At Salem, Sarah, Adopted Child of Nathan S. Pay.

At Marblehead, Widow Rebecca Symmonds, 80. Mr. David S. Saunders, 80.

At South Danvers, Widow Betsey King, 74.

At Lowell, Miss Mary E. Sweetse, 19.

At Sutton, Mr. Henry Le Baron Parsons, late of New York, 32.

At East Salisbury, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Coffin, 60.

At Taunton, Mr. Frederick W. Miner, 26.

At Sandwich, Mr. Edmund Bassett, 85.

At Newburyport, Mrs. Ellen Cambridge Hall, 30. Miss Sarah Good, 86.

At Worcester, Mr. William B. Tibbetts, 24. Miss Mary Rita Eldridge, 20. Mr. Chester Cheever, 22.

At New Bedford, Mrs. Elizabeth Redman, 97.

At Nantucket, Mr. Francis Wolcutt, 62.

At Weston, Mrs. Isabella N. B. Fleming, 19.

At Portland, Me. Capt. Jonathan Tucker, 66.

At Exeter, Me. Lemuel Tower, Esq., of Boston.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE ROSE.

BY S. H. S.

The rose is withering. Gentle flower—
How soon its beauty fades away!
It flourishes its little hour,
And then its beauty dies for aye!

I watched its lovely leaves unfold,
And richer grew they every hour.
But I remember I was told
The rose was but a fading flower.

So, like the rose our pleasures die;
They fade as quickly from our sight.
As clouds that veil a morning sky
Retire, and leave a clearer light.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.

BY G. L. RING.

"All the world," to use the *comprehensive* language of the ——shire Advertiser, "were at the party given at Lord A.'s, Carlton House, on Tuesday, May 15th, 18—."

Gay was the party, brilliant the beauty, splendid the dresses; music rose, and fell, and floated away in rising, falling and majestic cadences; the tastefully laid out grounds; the fountains throwing up their sparkling columns in the silvery moonlight; the rare shrubbery; the exotic plants and flowers; the antique statuary grouped with classic effect, made the observer think of Italian skies and mediaval art.

The first sets of dancers had finished, and gay groups were wandering through the spacious reception rooms, visiting the brilliantly lighted conservatory, or enjoying moonlight rambles through the ample lawns. Two of these we will attempt to describe. Two ladies, about middle-aged, attended by one younger, and a demure-looking cavalier, who performed the office of gallant to the party in a very faultlessly, proper manner, constituted the one; two young men, each one evidently and entirely at home in the present company, made up the other. The individuals composing these respective groups were, judging from what follows, strangers to each other. One of the young men was about middle size, compactly, not to say strongly, made, dressed neatly in plain civilian attire; the other, taller, wore an undress uniform of gray, faced with red. Each had a certain not-to-be-mistaken military mien. The plainly attired gentleman possessed a certain jaunty air, which indicated a sufficient amount of self-esteem to render its possessor at ease and in very good humor with himself, and this conjoined with evident polish and high breeding, and a strikingly handsome countenance, had made him quite a lion among the guests at the Carlton House for the evening.

Our taller hero of the military dress was leaning against a column, near the spacious conservatory, and his companion occupied a bench in the same vicinity. At this juncture, the first mentioned group came towards them, the younger lady in advance. The bright gleam of a Drummond light immediately overhead the two gentlemen enabled them to catch a passing glance at the party as they passed.

"A devilish fine-looking girl that, Hanford, my boy," cried the unmilitary garbed one, as soon as the female party had vanished behind some shrubbery. "A very fine-looking girl; do you know her?"

"Why, I do not exactly enjoy the honor of her acquaintance," replied Hanford. "She is the daughter of an up-country out-of-the-way Scotch laird, who was in the army in Bonaparte's time, and was killed at Waterloo. Her companion on the right, in spectacles, was her aunt. Her mother brought up the rear, and you perceive, she is the senior of the aunt considerably; in fact, the aunt, as you probably noticed—"

"Deuce take the aunt, man! Who could notice anything else but the girl's eyes? They looked more like those of a wild gazelle than anything else I could compare them to."

"Ah, I suppose," yawned Hanford, "you are acquainted with such animals. But for me now, you see, I do not entertain any such romantic notions. We do not marry eyes, or ears, or any particular features, and it is very rare indeed now-days that a young blood marries anything else than a fortune. Depend on it, a guinea just from the mint, passes current more easily than the brightest eyes that ever shone in a Drummond light. Therefore, not to weary you by too much precaution, I frankly confess that the aunt, who cannot be more than thirty-five, would be my choice two to one; for the old girl has not only her own snug jointure in possession, but also a chance at the young one's in case she don't choose a mate in accordance with her father's will."

"But her father was killed at Waterloo, you say."

"Yes, it is a curious tale. You see her father, so the story runs—for it is a pretty gossip, and one well suited to your romantic, hot-headed mind—had a crony in the army, whose name has now slipped my mind, if indeed I ever heard it. These were each colonels in the army, and the night before the great battle they were both at the ball at Brussels. Well, just before the signal gun was heard from the field of glory that was to be fought on the morrow, the two friends, who had been all through the Peninsular campaigns together, made a solemn agreement that their respective children, being of opposite sex, should be united in marriage on their attaining marriageable ages, and the young laird was so intent on making the arrangements doubly sure that he made his will on the spot, and decreed that his handsome property should fall to his sister provided his daughter—the young lady who but this moment struck your fancy—should not marry in accordance with his wishes."

"What a brute, Hanford! So pragmatical and precise your real Scotchman always is! Why, man, did he suppose his will was going to bind affection in chains, or that Mammon would play at hide-and-go-seek with chance in the matter?"

"Softly, Selwyn, softly," rejoined Hanford; "I perceive some of the canny folks near us, and there can be no use of needlessly irritating a regiment of ruddy-haired varlets. You cool and calculating southrons know nothing of such bargains; but I assure you, on our side of the Tweed, they are by no means uncommon. There were three matrimonial adventures of the kind recorded by tradition in her family before, and so you see that she is only following out the fashion set by her progenitors."

"But what is her family name, Hanford?"

"O, I nearly forgot that," rejoined his companion, briskly. "It is Seaforth, the daughter of Col. Edward Seaforth, whilom Laird of Craig Doonie, of Seaforth Hall, etc. Some trifling disagreement betwixt the young laird that was to be, and the old laird that was, drove the valiant young Scot out from his paternal roof, and led him to seek his fortune in the service of his country. But time and the death of his father made him laird in his turn, and just eighteen months before the battle of Waterloo he sojourned long enough on his paternal acres to marry a young, penniless widow, whose face was her sole dower. The stirring events in the military line which succeeded Boney's escape from Elba, soon recalled him to the army again, and he left his wife and a young daughter, never more to see them alive."

Here Hanford was called away by some gay cavaliers and dames, leaving Selwyn to himself. The young man folded his arms and leaned against the column, and with a half abstracted gaze at what was passing around him, seemed lost in thought.

Again the dancing commenced, and again in its mazes Selwyn chanced to perceive his charmer. Who can divine the cause of that mental magnetism which transcends all ordinary rules, which invests at first sight the divinity of an after life with ideal charms and graces, and clouds our reason with an infatuation we dream not of in more sober moments? This love at first sight, this instinctive blending of feeling is certainly an enigma in human nature. There might have been—no doubt there were many more beautiful than the one who had thus riveted Selwyn's attention in that set which was passing and re-passing before him; but he perceived only that one. There was, indeed, striking features enough about the maiden to rivet the attention of any one far less susceptible than our hero, and to his ardent and impulsive temperament they filled up his entire idea of beauty. An eye, full and intensely black, a complexion delicately ruddy—just the hue of a peach on its sunny side,—a fully rounded oval face and well developed form set off by a plain, neat, though rich attire, together with the apparent youth of their possessor, rendered her an object of more than ordinary interest to Selwyn.

The morning after the above occurrences, a vehicle drawn by a pair of handsome but rather diminutive horses might have been seen making their way towards the elevated plateau on which the new town of Edinburgh is situated. There was that about this "turn out" which evinced that the occupants of the two inside seats belonged to the most aristocratic portions of the populace. No attempt at display betrayed this; on the contrary, it was the entire plainness of the appointments which betokened it—parvenues then, as now, always making the most display, and delighting in the profusion of gilding and ornaments.

The occupants were two—both females. The younger dressed neatly, but plainly, in the prevailing mode, was apparently not more than eighteen years old; the elder might have been some forty or forty-five. A slight resemblance in features between the two indicated relationship much more than the dress, which was dissimilar in many respects. While the younger was attired so plainly that it verged on a monotonous simplicity, the elder displayed all the lurking fondness of the female mind for display, which, more graceful in the young, becomes almost tawdry in the middle aged. Their conversation also showed a difference in their mental adaptations and powers.

"There, don't say anything more against your father, my child. The thing was done in the family before, by your great, great grandfather, and so you perceive it has become a family usage, as one may say," said the elder, in reply to a remark made by the younger.

"Family usage, aunt! family usage! I would break through such an usage if it cost twenty such fortunes."

"Ah, I suppose it is natural for young romantic natures to decry such things; but, niece, I assure you if you have no respect for antiquity and Scripture, from whence it is derived, you ought to love the memory of your deceased father sufficiently to be dutiful to him as far as regards his last dying request."

The young lady mused a moment ere she replied:

"Were my father now living, aunt, I should consider myself in some measure bound to respect his wishes in such a matter, but I think he had no right to dictate to me so long in advance. Did he think me a stock or a stone, destitute of the volition to make my own choice? Did he suppose his child had not even a particle of his spirit?"

"Ah, I see now just how it is," replied the aunt, in a manner meant to be playful, but in reality somewhat spiteful. "You saw some dashing beau last evening, who has completely indoctrinated you with sentiment, passion, etc.; turned your head, and rendered you unconscious for the time to reason."

"Or the requirements of respect to my father's will, or to my aunt's envy for so doing," tartly rejoined she.

The aunt bit her lip and was silent; the niece having gained her point—having silenced her companion—also soon relapsed into her own reflections.

Up to this period in their progress the reins of the pony phæton had been skilfully and fearlessly held by our younger heroine. The well formed and agile coursers, evidently accustomed to such guardianship, had trotted briskly and cheerfully along while the way lay through the more rural portion of the country, but as they neared the city, one of them began to give unmistakable evidence that something in sight was about to frighten him "out of his propriety." The aunt, who had reached the age of nervous and hysterical excitation, soon lost all control of herself, and as a natural consequence in such cases, she bent all her efforts to upset the self-possession of the yet unalarmed driver.

"Ah, Mary, how I wish we had brought Donald to drive," said she, hurriedly, as the near side horse began to arch his neck and rear up, and show other marks of restiveness.

But no Donald was there; and though Mary held on with a firm hand, and her cheek blanched not, and though fear seemed as far from being a tenant of her bosom then, as if she were in her own little boudoir at Craig Doonie, still the apprehension painted in every feature of her aunt's countenance, could not but unnerve her. In vain were soothing words and accustomed expostulations addressed to the now thoroughly aroused steeds; they soon got possession of the bit, and with snorts of impatience and fright, they broke impetuously into a gallop, whilst each moment seemed to increase the speed with which they tore along.

At this time the spinster was totally beside herself. With violent efforts far beyond her strength Mary succeeded in keeping the horses in the straight track, and for a quarter of a mile there might have been seen as fine a display of equestrian speed as any Epsom or Ascot haunter could desire to witness. But chaffed and maddened by the feeble restraint, a simultaneous rear and plunge freed both horses from the carriage pole, and thus entirely unmanageable, they were about rushing madly down a steep hill, dragging along with them by the traces the carriage and its inmates, when a strange figure stalked suddenly into the road, and, as if by magic, the more restive of the horses dropped down in the very middle of the track, bringing his companion up with such violence as bore him to his haunches and put an immediate stop to their further progress. To assist the ladies from their perilous plight, to ascertain how much injury had been sustained, to free the fallen horse from his cumbersome trappings, seemed but the work of a moment. But ere even this was performed, a second character appeared in the scene—a tall and not very gainly figure, swinging his hands as he strode over the ground, and gesticulating as he spoke, vehemently:

"Ah, a fine affair, 'pon honor, Selwyn; no mean adventure this, old boy. Ah! Miss Seaforth, it is you, is it? Well, I forgot I have the advantage of you, ladies; but on such occasions as this, ceremony, you know, ought to be dispensed with."

On this, he seized the spinster by the arm, and at the risk of her limbs, and to the demolition of her new bonnet, he dragged her out from beneath a cushion, underneath which, for safety, she had ensconced herself. While thus busy with his hands, his tongue was not idle.

"O, I forgot, ladies, that my companion is a stranger to you. Allow me to make known to you my friend, Mr. Selwyn. I, myself, am Mark Hanford, lately ensign in the —th Infantry. I was previously acquainted with you both, ladies, by reputation; and, as I said before, such accidents do away with ceremony. A soldier needs no introduction, I fancy, to a sister or daughter of a brother-in-arms."

Here Mr. Mark Hanford, observing the peculiar disconsolate condition of the spinster, lost no time in giving her all necessary attention, and by dint of doing the agreeable soon established himself in her good graces. The young lady, on the contrary, regarded him with something not near akin to complacency, but with natural perversity, she seemed not averse to the attentions of the younger companion. By their united endeavors, the carriage was soon refitted for locomotion, and as the entire equipage was found to be sound, the horses were once more attached, and the ladies assisted to their seats. With a glance at her discomfited bonnet, Miss Seaforth, the elder, declared her intention of shaping her course for Craig Doonie, instead of journeying to the city, as was their original destination, and common politeness, as well as the fear of future accidents, impelled them both to extend an invitation to the "late ensign" and his companion to accompany them.

If there had been an air of indecision or hesitancy exhibited in the conduct of Selwyn before this cordial invitation, it vanished at once on its receipt, and he seated himself in the vehicle and took the reins with as much zest as if he were proceeding upon a journey long contemplated, and in the accomplishment of which much had been anticipated. He seemed from the moment to be endowed with new properties—a being of a different order; the exterior polish of one used to the tone of good society, the manners of a man of the world, the information of one who had travelled much and observed much of what was passing around him, all concurred to render him a fascinating and agreeable companion. Mary listened to his words with the respect which every intelligent person regards superior and elevated sentiments, and brought up at a distance from and mingling but little in the society of the metropolis, she had formed from her reading her own beau-ideal of those talents and acquirements which would make up a friend of the opposite sex.

Mary Seaforth, considering the slender advantages she had hitherto enjoyed, was mentally the superior of all around her. Her mother's only recommendation had been a pretty face. A degree of imbecility and easy good nature marked her every action, and this entire want of any rallying point for the respect and confidence of her husband after a honeymoon of a year drove him once more to the army to seek in the turmoil of the camp more congenial employment than the dull monotony of an aimless country life, unenlivened by anything like intelligent social intercourse. The aunt, totally unlike her brother in mental characteristics, who had taken upon herself the disciplinary portion of her niece's early training, had by turns petted and tyrannized over her with the petulance of an ill regulated temper, and an entire ignorance of the degree of responsibility involved in her self-assumed trust. Mary resembled her mother in her singular beauty, but in her wayward impulsiveness and energy of purpose, her father's temperament was clearly shown. Consequently, under the feebly exerted authority of her mother, and the semi-despotism of her aunt, she grew up much after her own way, feeling but little respect for either, although her natural warmth of heart led her to love her mother, and her clear-sighted ideas of right and wrong, made her pity the fretful and capricious moods of her aunt. And, as might have been seen in the commencement, as she grew up to womanhood, she obtained an entire ascendancy over both by the native force of character with which she was endowed, and the steadiness of purpose she always exhibited, and which in fact is a manifestation of mental as well as physical phenomena, the universal tendency of things to find their own level.

Craig Doonie Hall, or castle—for it passed indifferently by either appellation—was situated in one of those romantic glens which abound in the "Land of Cakes." It had probably in feudal times been the seat of a baronetcy, or of some noble family, but like many other places in both kingdoms it had become in the mutations of time the property of a private gentleman of fortune. Though its possessor enjoyed the title of laird, it was not an entailed property, but its owner could devise it to any one of his family connections, and acting on this liberty the immediately preceding laird of Craig Doonie, Colonel Seaforth, of the —th regiment of the line, had made the testamentary provision hitherto mentioned of his considerable estates and appurtenances.

The road by which our small cavalcade journied was that leading from Edinburgh to Falkirk. On this great thoroughfare, about half way between either city, they reached the hospitably offered roof of Craig Doonie, and were received at the main gate by shaggy Donald, the head of the servants' department at the hall, and his no less shaggy tribe of Newfoundlands, mastiffs and "curs of law degree," who gave them a vociferous if not a pleasant welcome to the spot.

"Down Neptune," cried Mary, as she alighted from her seat, addressing herself to an immense black favorite, whose caresses were given with about as unwieldly a grace as those of a juvenile elephant. "Ah, there you are, Pansy," she continued, as a singularly beautiful greyhound came bounding up. "You see, Mr. Selwyn, we are colonized by canines. I have a passion for such favorites, and spend part of my time petting them."

"I do love a good pack of fox hounds," said Hanford.

"O, you cruel man!" chimed in the elder Miss Seaforth. "How you men do delight in destroying innocent animals." And she gave him a look meant to be peculiarly interesting and patronizing.

"Well, it's only the destructive part of man's nature that you women so much admire, and why should not we who see it so largely developed in the inferior animals also admire it in them?" cried Hanford, whose efforts at acquaintance with a surly mastiff just then resulted in a snap at his lathy legs. By the merest miracle his tights escaped a rent, and Mary turned to Selwyn to remark that "his friend owed more to his agility than his admiration that time, at least."

The gentlemen strangers were received by the lady of the deceased Colonel Seaforth, with an excess of simpering politeness. A mind of a stronger mould than Mrs. Seaford's would have required a better acquaintance or a more formal introduction to the two entire strangers, but as she perceived Mary at least appeared at ease in the presence of Selwyn, and her sister-in law evidently regarded Hanford with considerable interest, she settled down into the comfortable conviction that their presence was no intrusion, and that she was bound to extend her hospitality to those who had in fact been instrumental in preserving the members of her family from considerable personal peril.

With the intuitive tact of a woman, Mary fancied she perceived in the demeanor of Selwyn sufficient evidence of moving in good society to warrant her in treating him at least as an equal. The charms of his manners, the conversational powers he possessed, the amount and varied nature of the information, of which he seemed to have an inexhaustible supply, conspired to interest her in him more and more, and she listened to him during the two hours which intervened between their arrival and their dining hour with more than ordinary attention.

In the meantime our friend Hanford had not been unmindful of his opportunities for display, and his smart sayings and doings for the especial divertisement of Mrs. and the senior Miss Seaforth might, were we so minded, fill a respectable column in a mammoth weekly, but we spare our readers the infliction for the present. In truth, the aunt had been as much attracted by the free and easy manners of the "late ensign in the —th Regiment" as any single lady on the shady side of thirty-five might be supposed to have been, and the ogglings and leers that passed current between the two were amusing, to say the least. Thus wore the day away. By especial invitation from Mrs. Seaforth, the two gentlemen on the morrow concluded to spend the remainder of the week at Craig Doonie, and Hanford, with bustling importance, began forthwith to concert a plan for the doings of the day.

Craig Doonie was situated, as we said before, in a rather retired part of the country; though on the great thoroughfare between Edinburgh and Falkirk, it happened that there the country wore a more rural look—the hedges were more seldom trimmed, the enclosures were larger, the houses of the smaller tenantry at longer distances apart, and the cultivation more backward than nearer either city. Consequently the facilities offered to the sportsman, or to the mere rural lounger, to kill time respectably, were greater here than at any other spot equally near to the metropolis.

"Let us see," said Hanford, as he stood out in the large lawn; "there are the hounds and the fishing tackle, both unused to being handled, I'll warrant it; there's boating on the Firth, and billiards in the hall; there's draughts, backgammon and chess in doors, and guns hanging up, rusty for want of use. What shall we do, Selwyn, eh, old boy?"

"I have engaged to play whist with the ladies," carelessly rejoined Selwyn. "Will you not join us?"

"See here," said Hanford, in reply; "I'll tell you what I have made up my mind to do."

"Proceed."

"Well, you see, here are three intelligent, interesting, unsuspicious females."

"Well, what of that?"

"The senior Miss Seaforth," continued Hanford, "would probably like to change her condition."

"Indeed! Whence have you drawn such an inference?"

"Why, man, are you blind? She is already deeply in love with me!" And he looked down at his rather slim legs and polished boots with an air of unmistakable satisfaction.

Selwyn smiled at the approbativeness so visible in the bearing of his friend as he answered:

"Well, man, if you are bound to make a favorable impression, I can see nothing in the way of success. The lady has certainly arrived at that age when she is capable of deciding for herself, if ever, and I am sure I know of no obstacles."

"Ah, there is one nearly insuperable," replied Hanford, with a melancholy air "Her jointure, or her portion, or whatever you may call it, depends on circumstances. If the younger one, her niece, marries any other save the right one, my charmer, do you see, inherits all this property. Quite comfortable, on my honor, to think one's self so situated—eh, Selwyn? But if in the meantime this young Captain Somebody, who is now abroad, and who is described as a regular fire-eater, returns and managers to fall in love with Miss Mary, why, then I am out in my calculations."

"And that, I suppose, would materially interfere with your idea of comfort and love, *a la mode?*" returned Selwyn.

"Yes. I never could understand the philosophy of love in a cottage, no not I; the substantials of life only are worth living for. That, my friend, is all that has kept me from rushing into connubial felicity before. There was Captain Hawkins's daughter, Miss Arabella, who every one said was a fine woman, was at one time ready to go to Gretna with me on a minute's warning—everything packed up—two great deal boxes, bandboxes, etc.—maid bribed to eternal fidelity—girl ready to break her heart and risk her neck out of a two-story window; but neither of us had anything—my love cooled down, and she afterwards ran away with the orderly sergeant, who already had a wife and six children."

Selwyn smiled.

"But now if the young one was safely married off to some one who could take care of her and himself too—for I am sure I wish the poor young creature no harm—then nothing would stand in the way between myself and happiness. But as it is, there is no safety in depending on the blind goddess in the matter, and it would be imprudent to risk contingencies."

"I wish I could step in to your assistance, really," said Selwyn; "but I am not sure the young lady would give me such a decided preference as the aunt seems from your revelation to have done you."

"O, I appreciate your good intentions—I beg you to believe I do; but I do not wish you to sacrifice anything in the matter, you know. The young lady has been heard to declare that she would never marry the man of her father's choice. If she would keep her word, I might venture."

At this stage of their proceedings they were interrupted by the appearance of the niece and the spinster equipped for walking.

"We are beating up for recruits, gentlemen," cried the senior, as they approached. "We have beaux so seldom here that we have determined to put every one to some use." And the aunt and our enterprising friend, Hanford, were soon paired off and leading on through by-lanes and almost obliterated paths back from the noble park and ample lawns in front.

Selwyn and Mary followed in silence He did not offer his arm to his partner, nor did she seem to notice the omission Other things apparently occupied her thoughts, ideas more weighty than any engendered by mere points of gallantry or etiquette. Whilst Hanford, whose volubility was never at fault, was ably seconded in his conversational mood by the prolixity of the aunt, Mary and Selwyn threaded path after path, and followed over innumerable stile steps in the same silence with which the walk commenced. The scenery which everywhere met their gaze was Caledonian in perfection. Knolls crowned by growths of furze and broom succeeded valleys where vegetation was profuse and luxuriant for the early season, and now and then they met those small, abrupt spurs of miniature mountains so abounding in all parts of the country. They had at length reached far enough to weary of pedestrianism; for Mary, seating herself upon a small boulder alongside the path, and with a countenance full of frankness, began:

"Do you know, Mr. Selwyn, I generally abominate walking, and seek to evade it! My respected aunt, however, who is down upon it, gathering rheumatism and small talk, is great as a pedestrian. But I have come along to-day for a purpose, a particular purpose. I gathered from your friend, Mr. Hanford, that you were connected with the army."

"I have been and still am connected with a branch of the public service," replied Selwyn.

"And are you acquainted with the officers of any of the foreign regiments?" asked Mary. "I have a peculiar purpose to subserve in this questioning, and one, which, when you know my motives, you cannot help properly appreciating."

"Most of the foreign regiments," answered Selwyn,—"at least those which have been ordered abroad of late years, have been officered

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"Then do you know Colonel Evan
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"Then do you know Colonel Evans, now or lately on duty at Malta?"

"Colonel Evans is my bosom friend," replied Selwyn; "the man, above all others, whom I esteem for his head and heart. We have shared for all my term of service the same tent in the field, the same barrack in quarters. I know him as I do my nearest relatives. We have shared the same perils for five years—why should I not know him?"

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Mary, almost involuntarily, "that I can at length learn something concerning him. You may esteem me childish, almost unwomanly, Mr. Selwyn, in thus obtruding private matters upon your notice, and you a mere stranger; but cool heads and manly hearts are scarce in this world. I esteem myself no mean judge of character, and for reasons I will not now name, I am anxious for your ideas of what he is."

"I can add nothing more to the panegyric I have already pronounced," answered Selwyn, coolly.

"Then listen, and despise me it may be for my confidence," said Mary, "and believe it is no idle, romantic notion, no sickly, weakly sentimentality that prompts the revelation. Your friend's fate is linked with mine sufficiently to make or mar it. I am a soldier's daughter, sir; and if you have not deceived me, I am speaking to a soldier—to one of that profession the very idea of whose calling implies candor and frankness. Colonel Evans I have never seen. Heaven knows I have no title to his esteem or confidence beyond any other stranger. His father and my own were companions-in-arms. They both perished in the service of their country at Waterloo; but before the strife began they solemnly agreed that their then only children, mere infants, should, if they survived, be united in marriage when they should respectively attain suitable years; and my father, to make assurance doubly sure, made his will upon the spot, in which he provided that in case I should evade this provision, his entire estate should be given to my aunt, and that I should be left without any means of support. It ill becomes me, I, who never saw that parent, to impugn his motives or question his acts. He made that provision; he left me one of two alternatives: marriage, without a power of choice, or begging—it may be abject want. A husband imposed by another's wishes, save my own, I never can brook; nay, I would prefer anything else; there is too much of my father's spirit left within me for that."

"Do not decide so hastily, Miss Seaforth," said Selwyn; "but it is not my place to intercede for another—for one so well able to speak for himself."

"Do not mistake me," continued Mary. "I ask nothing of him or for him—I know nothing concerning him; but as I have, I trust, explained the reason why I make the request I am now about to make, I hope you will not refuse to grant me its fulfilment. It is one you can execute with no violence to your own self-respect, it requires no sacrifice of feeling or of friendship. By acceding to it you will confer a lasting obligation on me, and it may also be of immediate service to your friend."

"You certainly, Miss Seaforth, can command me," said Selwyn.

"Then when you return to your duty, bear this message from me to Colonel Evans: Tell him that Mary Seaforth has heard from unquestionable authority that he intends making a journey to England to claim his bride, affianced to him by another; tell him I request him never to come into Scotland for such a purpose; that with all due respect to him, to the honored name he bears, to the position he occupies, I beg him nevertheless to give up such an idea; that I know I never can love him as I ought; can never respect him as a husband should be respected. He may be and probably is far more worthy than I am, but it would be dishonorable in me to calculate upon, or to accept position or fortune at the expense of self-respect, of all I owe to myself, tell him—"

"Upon my honor, quite a cozy time, Selwyn, my boy!" ejaculated a masculine voice above them.

There was Hanford and the senior Miss Seaforth striding along the edge of a rocky precipice, which did not reach a level for some distance off, and towards this point the two were making their way. There was a smile on the countenance of Hanford betokening some pleasant fancy, and Mary overheard him, as he came to them, whisper to his companion:

"Let them alone—they are getting along fast enough with the matter."

The frown on the features of Selwyn was sufficient to recall Hanford to himself, and he assumed a more grave expression, while the aunt, though perfectly comprehending the inuendo conveyed in the remark of Hanford, looked first at Mary and then at Selwyn with a puzzled look.

For all the day succeeding, even an ordinary observer could not fail to notice that there was something passing in the mind of the sapient Hanford eminently calculated to have a pleasing effect upon him, and this pleasing fancy showed itself not only in his countenance but in his acts. This it was that caused his naturally subdued voice to essay now and then some opera quaver, or his lower limbs a complicated sort of demi-volte, though the former was delivered horribly out of tune, and the latter executed with an alarming violence to the five positions. A sort of serene composure reigned in the countenance of the virtuous senior Miss Seaforth meanwhile, which transported her above the petty atmosphere of female trials and tribulations, so much so that the eternal ding-dong about the servants was heard no more in the household for the space of five hours, and even the tail of her favorite cat was nodden upon with perfect impunity.

The relict of the departed Colonel Seaforth saw those manifestations with simpering dignity and gravity. To her mind, unblessed as she was with variety or number of ideas, all things were of equal importance, and she would bring the same mental effort to bear in raising a straw as in moving a mountain. Nothing could surprise her from her accustomed demeanor, and of course no extraordinaries of Hanford were barely noticed, and noticed, they called no comment or consideration from her.

That evening, at the tea table, Selwyn announced his intention to proceed on the morrow to Edinburgh on immediate and pressing business. In the mean time, our hitherto continuous narrative must suffer a small break. Let the reader suppose that three months have passed away, during which the promise of spring has yielded to the ruddy heats of midsummer, and the hedges and braes around Craig Doonie which in the beginning of our tale were whitened with the fragrant blossoms of the hawthorn, are now reddened by the sloe. The fields are ripening for the late harvests of that northern latitude, and the lavonock is twittering among the heather over her callow brood. Masses of umbrageous verdure crown each dwarfed tree and shrub, and the broom is in full leaf on the moorlands.

Towards the close of a bright day in July, two carriages were seen wending over the same road on which Mary Seaforth and her aunt had met their equestrian mishap. Each sufficed to seat six persons beside the driver. On the back seat of the forward vehicle, Hanford and the maiden aunt were seated side by side. The white wreaths around her bonnet, the white gloves of her companion, and the entire dress of each, in which white largely predominated, betokened a bridal party, in which she and Hanford were to be the principals. The remaining company were equally divided as to sex, and were all evidently younger than the bride and groom. A profusion of white flowers and a quantum sufficit of giggling among the young ladies, and multitudinous nods and winks by the young gentlemen in pantomime, gave a pleasant piquancy to the proceedings. Two persons in the hinder carriage, however, did not share in the general amusement. One was Selwyn, who was seated on the box with shaggy Donald, and over whose countenance now and then a smile bitter and ironical seemed to play. The other was Mary Seaforth, who dressed in simple garb and peculiar in its plainness, sat on a side seat pale as the whitest marble. Yet her intensely black eye occasionally glowed with unwonted fire, especially as she now and then directed her glance towards the grimacing Hanford and his evidently elated companion. But whilst these were abstracted in silent reverie, the conversation in the forward carriage became animated and the ready laugh occasionally broke forth to testify to the light heart of the inmates.

"Where did you tell me," asked the bride that was to be, of her intended, "where did you tell me you first met your friend yonder?"

"Who, Selwyn?" replied Hanford, starting as he gazed at him through the carriage window; "why, at Lord A.'s. He is a sort of protege, I believe, of his lordship. I never knew him before this summer; and when we first met you and your niece, pretty near this very spot, we had been together but a few days. All I knew of him then, and almost all I know of him now, is that he is a soldier—a captain in the —th of the regular line on a furlough."

"How silent and reserved he seems!" said his companion. "He never is like other men—I declare I am sometimes half afraid of him."

"O, I assure you he is perfectly tame," cried Hanford, smiling; "and when we consider that he is getting so devoted to our mutual friend Mary"—here he sank his voice to a whisper—"we ought to be thankful that he is taking so much apprehension for the future out of our minds."

"If I was but certain that he and Mary are engaged!" said the spinster in the same key.

"Never fear that, never fear that," whispered Hanford in reply; "I know he adores her."

A silent pressure of the hand was the sole response to this, and the remainder of the journey was accomplished in silence.

And now the pleasant cavalcade has reached High Street, down which with a merry pace their good horses whirl them at a great increase of speed. They soon halted before a large Gothic church, a small side door of which alone was opened.

Any one who might have noticed the features of Selwyn during the ride, a part of the incidents of which we have essayed to relate, would have seen a gradual change come over them from first to last. Mary's face also underwent as many and as varied changes. At first it was pale, and then flushed; and while not a word escaped from her lips to tell of the inward conflict, still enough was manifested to betoken that the emotions engendered thereby were intense and nearly overpowering.

But when the party had all alighted, Selwyn came to her side and in a firm, low voice that almost startled her, said: "Now or never." The words seemed to assure her, and she walked into the side aisle and up to the altar firmly and with womanly dignity. The white-robed priest was already there. A momentary shuffling of feet and the entire party had assembled, and for the next few moments the silence so befitting the solemnity of the scene was unbroken. Then Selwyn stepped forward and handed to the clergyman a paper and again took his place at Mary's side. The priest cast his eyes over the document, gave a searching look first at Selwyn, then at Mary, and then in a clear voice, said:

"Before we commence the services of this interesting occasion, I now publish the bans of matrimony between the Hon. Richard Evans, lately a colonel in his majesty's infantry, and Mary the daughter of the late William Seaforth, of Craig Doonie Castle. If any persons know aught why these two, betrothed in infancy, should not now resume and take upon themselves these sacred vows, let them speak or else forever after hold their peace."

At these words, the prayer-book dropped from the hands of our friend Hanford, and if a bomb-shell had fallen among the party, it would have caused no more amazement to him and his intended bride. For the first time that day, at least, Selwyn's features relaxed, and Mary's countenance again became alternately pale and flushed by turns.

"I demand to know," cried Hanford, at length regaining his composure, "who this Colonel Evans? The nearness of the relationship with which the intended ceremony will invest me, sanctions this inquiry and requires an answer!"

"I am the humble individual designated by that title," replied Selwyn, sternly, "and I congratulate you most heartily on your prospective happiness."

Hanford stayed to hear no more. All his ideas of marrying an heiress were dissipated by this frank declaration; and in the desperation of the moment, the first tangible notion which entered his head was immediate flight. To this determination he was likewise further moved at seeing his charmer borne towards the church door in hysterical convulsions, and he took advantage of the circumstance to pass out in the street, and the next moment his long arms and longer legs were swinging in harmonious unison up High Street. Of course, in the hurry of the moment no movement was made to arrest his flight, and he returned no more to Craig Doonie.

Colonel Evans and his bride are now living in the mansion at Craig Doonie in all the felicity and peace which mutual and well founded esteem can create and ensure, and the spinster aunt, from the lapse of time, has at last recovered from her month's melancholy over her great disappointment.

VOLUNTARY TORTURE.

A convict, named Patrick Battle, eighteen years of age, recently died at the prison in Parkhurst, England; and at the inquest held on the body, evidence was adduced which, according to the report in the local papers, exhibits the extraordinary methods resorted to by prisoners to gain admission into the Infirmary. The chief witness was James Limb, a convict, who said: "I have been here four years. I have known the deceased ever since he has been here. On Thursday, he told me he wished to get into the Infirmary for the winter, and he asked the best way to manage it. I told him to get some of the stuff off the pump, and swallow it like a pill; and so he did. He took off the green stuff of the brasses with a bit of tin, and I made it into pills for him. He was at work on the pump that day. It was green, and I mixed it up with soap from his cell into pills with the oil from the top of the pump. I told him where to get it, and I made it into six pills about the size our doctor gives us. He got a drink of water, and swallowed them one at a time, and in the afternoon he told me he had a pain in his head. I saw him the next morning, when he said it hadn't made him quite bad enough, so he would take some more pills, and I think he did, for he had enough stuff in the box to make six more, and there was none left in the box the next morning; and then his cocoa got on his stomach, and it made him sick, and he told the officer, and he put him in his cell. I took the oil myself when I tried to get into the Infirmary; but there was no vertigris in that, but it made me very sick. He said he thought the verdigris would make it all the better, and so he took it. It is a common practice for us prisoners to make our eyes and legs sore to get into the hospital. Some eat ground glass, and put copperas into the sores. I can't say whether deceased knew of these pills before I told him, but the last time he got in by running a stocking-needle right through his leg, above the knee. It was full of thread, and he did it to make his leg sore; but he almost lost his leg by it. He got in all last winter, and he often tried the same thing over again when he did not succeed at first, but he got in every winter somehow. He asked me what to do, and I told him what I had tried and I got in. You must mix soap with it to make it stick; but it's two years ago since I took any. He said he wouldn't like to try the experiment that No. 17 did, of eating pounded glass. I was sent here for stealing a horse. I was only eleven years old then, and was remanded for two assizes, 'cause they couldn't mind the man I sold it to." The witness detailed the particulars of those horrible practices with the greatest coolness and effrontery. Mr. Dabbs, hospital surgeon, said he had frequently discovered the prisoners in the act of removing the dressings from the sores, and irritating them, with the hope of continuing longer in the hospital. The doctor cited one case of a prisoner, for whose disease he could find no remedy, and who appeared to be daily wasting away. He at last ordered him to be stripped naked, and to spread out his arms, when a vein in his arm spirted blood, and he then discovered that he had by some means obtained a lancet, with which he frequently bled himself down to death's door, in order to remain in the hospital. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased died by poison administered by his own hands, with the view to gain admission into the Infirmary, and not to occasion his own death.—*London Journal.*

IRON AND COAL BEDS.

In the United States there are (says the Rochester American) 160,000 square miles of coal beds; in Great Britain, less than 12,000. The proportions of iron are about the same. The coal and iron which she possesses are the source of nearly all the power of the British empire. Iron forms the body and coal the soul of her strength; iron, the nerve and sinew, but coal the vital heat and energy that runs the whole in motion. The iron fingers of her machinery spin the most delicate and cunning laces, and the iron arms of her shafts move with huge force, accomplishing the labors of hundreds of millions of men; but it is the carbon of her coal that has imparted lifelike force and direction to the cold, hard metal, and thus enabled England, while only having to support a population of 25,000,000, to perform an amount of physical labor more than equal to that of all the human beings in the world, aided by machinery. And in the teeming swarms of her Indian possessions, consuming as they do and must, perform not half the valuable labor of the world that her coal, generating the motive power of steam, is momentarily effecting. This it is that rears all the wealth of British manufacturers, and the peaceful arts of industry. And this that enables her to carry so easily her unheard of public debt, fight battles all over the world, conduct campaigns to a successful issue, in spite of her numerical feebleness.—*The Builder.*

QUALITIES OF THE ROSE.

The damask rose, prepared in a liquor that is left after the distillation of rose water, is or was once made into a syrup which possessed purgative properties; it was recommended to be infused in whey of asses' milk, to be given in the morning, to purify the blood. The red rose, on the other hand, is astringent in its medical action; it is claimed to be good, when properly prepared, to heal ulcers of the lungs, and to check the spitting of blood. An old writer asserts that he has cured desperate consumptions of the lungs with cow's milk and conserve of roses continued a long time. There is also a consumptive apothecary on record who cured himself by eating sugar of roses almost continually.—*Tribune.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TRUE AND FALSE BENEVOLENCE.

BY FLORA E. MORTON.

"Can you not wait a half hour and keep Eddy quiet, while I make some bread?"

"Why, no indeed! Mary, how can you ask such a question, when you know they think that old Mrs. Howland is just gone?"

"Well, there are others to render all necessary assistance, and besides, I only asked you to help me for a short time."

"But if everybody said so, who would go?"

"Let me tell you, Julia, *I* think it would be far more benevolent for you to stay at home this morning and assist me, than to spend your time with Mrs. Howland, who has plenty of friends to bestow all the attentions required."

"You and I do not agree in our ideas of benevolence;" and Julia, with a curl of her rosy lip, departed on her *errand of mercy!*

The two speakers were Mary and Julia Carlton, the elder daughters of a respectable farmer in one of our New England villages. Their mother had died when they were of the ages of twelve and nine, and their father, after five years of mourning for the bride of his youth, had married a fair, gentle woman, who felt a tender love and warm interest for the motherless girls. Three years of wedded life had bestowed upon them two children, Rose—a little girl of two—and Eddy the baby. Mary Carlton, the eldest daughter, was a fair, gentle girl, who had inherited her mother's amiable, retiring disposition; but Julia was more impulsive and excitable—never looking ahead for the consequences of any act. She possessed an inordinate love of admiration and flattery, and hesitated not to use deception or "plan," as she called it, to obtain it.

A young physician had recently come into the little village of Melrose, and being handsome, agreeable and talented, he very soon became the centre of attraction. Smiles wreathed rosy lips, and bright eyes sparkled, when young Dr. Vale made his appearance in the village circles. The gossips, of course, had plenty of occupation, and many extra cups of tea were drank in consequence of his debut!

Julia Carlton determined that *her* charms should win this "bright, particular star;" and she revolved many schemes in her mind. But none seemed particularly feasible, until, on one bright afternoon in May, a young friend dropped in to see the sisters. In the course of conversation, she said:

"I have understood that Dr. Vale is a church member, and very devoted; and he said to Mrs. Hawthorne, the other day, that *his* wife must have the bump of benevolence fully developed. So, girls, look out; I fear none of us will be good enough for him! But I must go; so adieu!"

Julia sat thoughtfully by the window for a short time; then catching up her white sun-bonnet, she wended her way to the house of Mrs. Howland, a neighbor, who was very low with a lingering disease. Kind friends had soothed her hours of pain, and every attention had been bestowed upon her; but this did not prevent Julia Carlton from offering her services to "watch" during the night with her. It excited some surprise among the older ladies, because of her usual giddiness, and some affirmed that she was too inexperienced and volatile to be trusted, but finally decided she should remain a part of the night with an older lady. She did so; and on leaving in the morning, she encountered Dr. Vale at the door, who seemed somewhat surprised, yet pleased to meet her, and she tripped home with a bounding heart.

Thenceforth her visits were very frequent at Mrs. Howland's, and the unsuspecting old lady blessed her for her *apparent* benevolence, little thinking that a more powerful motive than the pure, Christlike desire of doing good actuated her! Thus matters went on for several weeks, until the village people began to remark upon Julia Carlton's wonderful change from such a wild, volatile creature, to so benevolent a "sister of charity!"

Some—not very discerning people—thought her the embodiment of goodness; but others, who had looked deeper into the pages of human character, saw through her cloak of benevolence; and many who had looked behind the home curtain were well aware that oftentimes, when she was abroad on her *errands of charity*, her assistance was actually needed by her family—for the dear mother was subject to severe attacks of headache, and at those times the cares of the children and family devolved upon Mary. The sisters were so unlike in their temperaments and tastes, that but little real affection existed between them—though Mary oftentimes endeavored to influence her sister to become more gentle and mild in her manners. But Julia was wilful, and would not heed her sister's kind reproofs. For several weeks she continued to play her new part—visiting the sick and clothing the poor—until Dr. Vale began to become interested in her, knowing naught of her real character until a little circumstance revealed it in some measure to him, as every course of deception will eventually be exposed.

On the morning which introduced our heroine to the reader, the friends and neighbors of Mrs. Howland were called to see her spirit take its departure to the spirit land—as was supposed. Dr. Vale was present, also Julia Carlton. After a season of pain and suffering, she seemed to revive again; and Dr. Vale, thinking she might survive some hours longer, took his departure, saying he would call again in a few hours. As he was passing the open door of Mr. Carlton's house, he heard the sudden scream of a child and exclamations of terror and alarm.

Without waiting for an invitation, he stepped within the door, and a scene of terror met his gaze. Little Rose was standing in the centre of the room with her clothes in a light blaze, while Mary was endeavoring to wrap around her a rug which she had snatched from the hearth. But the child's frantic efforts and alarm seemed to thwart every effort to extinguish the flames. On a low couch lay Mrs. Carlton, who apparently had fainted, while Eddy, woke by the tumult and frightened, was adding his voice to the general confusion.

Dr. Vale immediately sprang to Mary's aid, and his strong arm soon extinguished the flames. It was then ascertained that she was severely burned; and while he applied some soothing remedies, Mary performed the double task of hushing Eddy's cries and restoring her mother to consciousness. When quiet was in some measure restored, Dr. Vale inquired how the accident had happened.

Mary replied that her mother being unable to lift her head from the pillow, in consequence of a severe headache, the care of the children and the household affairs had devolved upon her. She had rocked little Eddy to sleep, and laid him down beside her mother, who had fallen into an uneasy slumber, and leaving Rose busy with her playthings, had gone into the kitchen to prepare the dinner. She had been thus engaged but a short time, when a loud scream from Rose, followed by one from her mother, caused her to hasten into the room, where she found Rose with her clothes on fire and Mrs. Carlton vainly endeavoring to extinguish them, but faint and weak from pain and illness, and overcome by alarm, she fell back upon the couch and fainted. At this moment Dr. Vale appeared, and Mary again thanked him for his opportune kindness, in which her mother joined with earnestness.

Mary's sleeves were rolled above the elbow, displaying a round, white arm, and upon her dress and apron were many mealy marks; and her cheek crimsoned at the thought of the plight in which this gentlemanly young M. D. had found her. But his agreeable, winning manners soon dissipated her embarrassment. After quite a long chat, during which Rose had sunk into a refreshing slumber, the doctor arose, and apologizing with a smile for detaining Miss Carlton from her culinary matters, took his leave, promising to call in the evening and look at the child's burns. As he walked away, he wondered why Julia should be absent from home, when her assistance seemed so necessary; and Mary's sweet face and gentle, winning manners, were continually rising before him.

In the evening he called again, and Julia was present—her face beaming with smiles as he entered; and so great an impression did her tender caresses lavished upon little Rose, and her seeming attention to the wants of the family, make upon him, that he resolved to cultivate her acquaintance more intimately. Accordingly, the next day in passing, he thought he would call and inquire for Rose. Going in with the familiarity of a physician, not pausing to ring the bell, he accidentally overheard a colloquy between Julia and her mother, which amazed him and confirmed his previous fears.

"Julia, cannot you assist Mary this morning? She has the week's ironing to do, besides baking—and I do not feel strong enough to do much."

"O, dear, you are always calling upon me to do something about the house, when you know I detest housework!" was the reply, in a cross and petulant tone.

The doctor retreated and rang the bell, and upon entering, Miss Julia was all smiles and kindness; but her charms now appeared to him as the glittering colors that sparkle in the sunlight upon the folds of the serpent. Those two scenes showed him Julia's true character—for he was a young man of more than ordinary discernment—and also made known to him Mary's noble and endearing qualities, her feelings of true benevolence, which never seeks for praise as its reward!

The acquaintance of Mary and Dr. Vale ripened into intimacy, and finally she became his wife; and ever in the home of Harry and Mary Vale were found the elements of true piety and charity, which "vaunteth not," and many blessings and favors were bestowed upon needy ones, of which the world never knew. But the reward was within their own hearts—peace of mind and a consciousness of *doing right!* Reader! Go thou and do likewise!

A Loveless Home.—There is no loneliness, there can be none in all the waste of peopled deserts of the world bearing the slightest comparison with that of an unloved wife! She stands amidst her family like a living statue amongst the marble memorials of the dead—sentient with life, yet paralyzed with death—the burning tide of natural feeling circling round her heart—the thousand channels frozen through which that feeling ought to flow.—*Mrs. Ellis.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THOU ART FALSE.

BY ENOCH EDSON.

Go, go! thou art false, and no more thy name
Shall sully thine lips of mine;
For broken now is love's literary chain
That bound my heart to thine.

Go, go! I had dreamed thee pure and true
As aught of this earth could be;
I thought that thy heart no falsehood knew—
That thy vows were but pledged to me.

'Twas a blissful dream, but quickly past;
And I have awoke once more,
To find that my faith in man has gone—
That youth's sweet trust is o'er.

O, little dreamed I, when side by side
We roamed through the shaded glen,
That the time was near when this heart would scorn
The idol it worshipped then!

I see a stain on this sheet as I write;
It is caused by no tear of mine,
For know there is one too proud to weep
For a worthless heart like thine.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A MODERN HERO.

BY RICHARD CRANSHAW.

Trente Leycroff, as he stood upon his vessel's quarter-deck, the clear breeze lifting the locks from his forehead, as a playful hand might fondle with the ringlets of a child, and his bright black eyes scanning the surrounding horizon, looked, standing there, "every inch a king!"—not of the pent-up and confined land, but of the merry, free and dashing ocean—of the sky-bounded, heaving mass of waters, rolling in all their grandeur at his feet—his kingly throne the white deck of his proud vessel, and his o'er-shadowing canopy the fleecy clouds floating above him in the blue summer sky.

Pleasant thoughts of home were passing through Trente Leycroff's mind, and home pictures and home anticipations were chasing one another through his brain, as he leaned over the vessel's side, a thousand miles away from the subject of his dreams. The last letter from his young wife told him news that sent a thrill through his heart, until now unknown before. *He was a father!* The handwriting was tremulous from recent illness, but the news it had to communicate had bestowed a strength that defied a longer delay. And in the lowermost corner of the sheet there was a shapeless, indistinct mark made with the pen's point. Guided by the mother's hand, this had been—*the baby's mark!* And as he gazed upon the faint evidence of the existence of his baby boy, Trente Leycroff let fall a gentle tear upon it—a tear that manhood could not blush to have recorded upon the tablet of his life's past actions.

Every dash of the waves against the side tells him that he is nearer still to home; every passing weed floating out upon the waves he watches, until it is lost to his view. There, from the recesses of his thoughts he has builded the form of the well-remembered homestead, and slowly it rises as from the waves and stands there before him, ready to be peopled from the same airy realms that called it into existence.

It is morning. They are all there—his gray-haired father and mother, the former seated before the open Bible reading aloud the accustomed lesson of the day, while his mother is reverently leaning her head upon her hand, on the opposite side of the table; his wife, quieting the child upon her knee, who is laughing gleefully at the bright morning sunshine beaming in through the window; and the two or three servants of the family listening quietly to the voice of the old man, as he asks a blessing on the labors and occupations of the coming day. He hears his own name mentioned in a supplication for his safety, and notes the tear that rolls down his wife's cheek, and drops upon the laughing brow of his infant boy as she listens.

It is night. They are seated around the pleasant fireside. The old man smokes his usual pipe before going to rest, and the partner of his life's pilgrimage sits silently knitting, and thinking of her boy far out upon the sea. The baby is lying in the cradle, and the voice of his wife softly humming over one of his own favorite ballads is heard, trying to lull the infant to its slumbers. The pictures of his fancy are right pleasant as he thus builds them from the store-houses of his wandering thoughts. A voice at his side scatters them forever to the air, and the cloud-built visions die again their fleecy wings and float away to their enchanted realms.

"Mr. Leycroff, there's a leak in the hold, and it's gaining on us so rapidly that I'm afraid we cannot stop it!"

He turned towards the carpenter, who had thus spoken to him in a quick, hoarse whisper, and there arose a sickness at his heart as the dreadful news reached his ear thus suddenly. But this was not a time for thought, but action; and so he instantly descended into the hold to see the extent of the damage. It was even so. The hold was then quarter full of water, and the leak was gaining rapidly, and so situated amongst the heaviest of the cargo, that approach was difficult, and the repairing of the damage next to an impossibility. A heavy gale, through which the ship had passed the day previous, was evidently the cause of the injury until within a short time previous totally undreamed of by all on board.

The pumps, then, were their only hope, and the order was instantly given that they might be manned and set to work, to try to keep her afloat. Stout hearts and ready hands were there, and soon every nerve was being strained in the efforts for safety. But the good ship was doomed, and slowly but surely she sank still deeper in the bosom of the vast encircling flood.

The water now rushed in in a perfect torrent, and as it gained each moment new impetus, the injury became still greater, and it tore its way through the stout barrier of wood and iron as though it had been but paper. Men ran about in haste, collecting such necessaries as would be needed in the boats, which were being launched. In the storm of yesterday two of the boats had been lost, and grave doubts arose in Trente Leycroff's mind as to whether the remainder would suffice for their safety. As calm as though each instant were not bringing them closer to the grasp of destruction, he stood and issued his quick, stern orders. A hundred souls depended upon him now, and in the hour of trial they should not find they trusted in vain. The sharp report of the minute-gun echoed afar over the sea, and above the sound came the clear ringing voice of the young captain. The smoke obscured his sight, but his quick eye saw everything, and his thoughtful mind suggested everything of comfort that might alleviate the sufferings probably in store for those who soon would be tossed about upon the trackless waste of waters. And still amidst it all, the good ship slowly but surely sank still deeper in the bosom of the vast encircling flood.

The hardy sailors, taking a pattern from their calm commander, worked away in quick but silent obedience to his orders, and one by one the boats were filled and slowly left the side of the doomed vessel. The sky was cloudless, and the sun shone down in a flood of pleasant light; and from the steady and unruffled manner in which the orders were executed, one could not, but for a glance at their faces, guess that the sailors were occupied in other than their usual avocations. But there was written whole volumes of manly fortitude and courage, in the knit brows, set teeth, and bloodless hue of their countenances, and it was plainly to be seen that the race of heroes had not yet quite departed, nor was true courage laid forever to rest in the grave of the long-gone past.

O, God! the boats were now nearly full, and there yet remained some eight or ten human beings on board of the sinking ship! Some of them were women, and their shrieks deafened the sound of the booming gun, beside which the young captain himself stood, firing it as quickly as it could be loaded. The clanging of the ship's bell added to the horrid din of that agonizing moment, and the hand of mercy seemed withheld at the moment from the ill-fated beings upon the wreck. The sun still shone down, and saw the good ship as it slowly but surely sank deeper in the bosom of the vast encircling flood.

"There is but room for just *one* more!"

Trente Leycroff heard the voice from the boat, and as he wiped the cold sweat from his brow, looked for a moment round him. A young boy stood by his side and looked up into his face. Not a muscle of the boy's face quivered, as he raised his hand and pointing towards the boat, said:

"Captain Leycroff, when you see my father, tell him that I died like a man, and that we shall meet again in another world!"

He knew the boy now; he had been sent out as a cleric on the mercantile house, and was now on a visit to his only parent—his father. The father had not seen him for three long years, and he pictured with the quickness of lightning the fond and hopeful expectation of that man to embrace his boy again. To his own home his thoughts reverted, and the instinct of life was strong within him. His wife—father—mother—should he? *No!* They would not be *altogether* desolate; they would have each other still, while this boy's father would have lost his *all!* He seized him in his arms, and in an instant he was in a place of safety. The sacrifice was made—the rest was in the hands of God!

Again the loud boom of the minute-gun echoed far and wide over the deep—the shrieks and piercing cries of the surviving women mingled again with the sound, and again the hurried clanging of the bell filled his ears. Some of those who remained had sunk down senseless on the deck, and one or two had cast themselves headlong into the sea, and now floated away upon the frail support of a spar, trusting themselves to their fate. The rats sprang affrighted from their hiding-places down in the cabins and hold, and mingled with the human beings on the deck. The edge of the vessel almost touched the surface of the water, and the eyes of those in the boats were fixed in horror upon the doomed vessel as she slowly sank before their eyes. They saw the heroic young man as he stood at his post loading and firing the gun, and prayers went up from their hearts that Heaven in its mercy might spare him yet.

The sun looked down to take one glance of farewell as the good ship heaved heavily, turned over to one side, and then—sank forever from its sight, down, deep down in the bosom of the vast encircling flood.

They pulled hastily away from that fearful sight, and the clouds of night soon settled over the scene of the drama they had witnessed. God's mercy on the souls of those who had perished thus fearfully in the bright light of day, and in the face of the smiling and unclouded heavens!

And now, a thousand miles away to the home of Trente Leycroff! The dreadful news has reached them, and that once happy household is steeped in all the deep blackness of despair and agony. Some time has elapsed, and to outward appearing the usual routine of every day duty has once more resumed its sway. But the sickening grief within the heart is seen, when, as of old, the gray-haired man sits with the holy book before him, and reads aloud the usual lesson of the day. Perchance he reads of the last Absalom; and, as the agonizing cry of the bereaved father trembles upon his lips, his thoughts are with his own drowned boy, and the words are blurred before his eyes, while a choking in his throat stifles his further utterance. 'Tis seen when the aged mother, engaged in some household duty, meets with some simple article once owned by the lost one; and the fresh tears that arise, and the care with which the inanimate memento is laid away and treasured up, are the proofs that grief is not dead yet within the heart. And it is also seen, as Agnes Leycroff sits by the hour and gazes on her baby's face, to read there some traces of its dead parent, and clasps it closer still to her heart, as the image is prefigured before her in its eyes, and on its baby lips and brow.

The shadows of evening have descended upon the country, and as the night descends, the weather gives indications of becoming stormy and tempestuous. The wind rushes dismally through the old trees of the orchard, and the very foundations of the stout old homestead quiver and shake in the fierce blasts of the rising wind. The servants have gone to bed, and the family are seated in silence by the fire listening to the wild voice in the hurricane raging without. The child has been placed in its cradle by the hands of Agnes, but whether it is the noise without that prevents its sinking to slumber, or whether its mind is too intently fixed upon the philosophical nature and origin of a solar lamp on which its wakeful eyes have been for some time fixed, it remains obstinately wide awake. Mr. Leycroff broke the silence.

"A fearful night, this, for the poor souls tossed about on the raging sea!"

"My thoughts were wandering in the same sad direction, remarked his wife, stopping to take off her spectacles and wipe the moisture from them that had gathered there. She paused as she did so and inclined her ear to listen.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her husband.

"I fancied I heard the tread of a horse. It must have been my fancy, for no one would venture out on a night like this."

"The cracking of some bough in the wind, no doubt," said the old man; and they ceased to regard it.

The subject of disasters and dangers on the sea appeared to have some fascination to old Mr. Leycroff, for he returned to it.

"How many such nights as these our poor boy must have seen upon the bosom of the ocean! To think of a night like this, called suddenly from a peaceful slumber, and most likely dreams of those so loved at home—springing upon deck and finding the masts swaying to and fro like rushes in the summer breeze—the rain descending in floods upon the deck, and the vivid lightning flashing in the faces of the men as they lay out upon the yards, and struggle madly with the flapping canvass!"

The old lady shook her head and sighed, as she pictured the thoughts of her husband within her own mind. Again she turned her head towards the outside and listened, thinking that she heard the sharp bark of their watch-dog. It seemed to sink into a whine, and then was silent again. The old man went on, though Agnes could have wished he might have chosen some subject less painful to her mind.

"To hear the crashing thunder, as it descends from heaven's vaults and echoes through the vast expanse of air, over the surface of the boiling waves! To listen to the groaning and straining of the timbers, as the vessel plunges heavily through the dashing billows! But"—the old man looked up as he spoke—"I forgot! I forgot! I was following the stream of my thoughts, forgetting, my poor child, that I was recalling painful images before you. Forgive me—I would not add one unnecessary pang to the grief you bear."

"How fanciful I am to-night!" said Mrs. Leycroff. "I keep listening and thinking I hear all sorts of sounds! I suppose it is nervousness. I was almost certain I heard a step outside in the hall. I must get rid of such fancies, or I shall lay awake all night!"

Was there a step in the hall? There could not have been. It was the quick closing to of some open door, caught by the wind as it rolled along the passages—nothing more! The baby lay in the cradle giving its undivided attention now to the ceiling, and watching with interest the play of the firelight upon it. No sleep about it as yet!

"Well," said Mr. Leycroff, "it must be getting late; we have been sitting here busy with our thoughts and have not noticed the passing of the time. I will just take a puff or two at my pipe and then will go to bed." He lit it as he spoke.

The wind howled without, and a fierce gust swept down the chimney, causing the dying wood-fire to blaze up all at once and afford new entertainment for the eyes of the child. It sounded outside in the hall, and seemed to rattle the handle of the door as it passed on its way.

Mr. Leycroff finished his pipe and laid it away upon the shelf, and then sat for a moment gazing into the fire. Another blast swept around the house, and Mrs. Leycroff shuddered as she murmured forth:

"Heaven be with those now tossed about upon the dreadful sea, and shield them from the fury of the raging tempest!"

"*Amen!*"

The handle of the door had softly turned, and the door opening, gave admittance to the form of a man encircled in a cloak. It was *his* voice that had spoken in solemn, deliberative tone, and as he placed his foot over the threshold and stood within the room, the same word dropped from his lips.

"*Amen*, mother! amen!"

A shriek that echoed through the room, through the passage, from the top to the bottom of the house, went up from the lips of Agnes Leycroff, as she made a tottering step forward and then fell senseless and motionless in the outstretched arms of Trente Leycroff!

He had been saved by clinging, as the ship went down, to a floating spar, had tossed about upon the waves for nearly two days, and had then been picked up by a passing vessel in an exhausted condition, and carried on to her destination. His iron constitution bore him through a severe illness in safety, and upon his convalescence, he was brought safely back home again. Despite the fierceness of the storm raging, he had mounted a horse, and as fast as the animal could dash over the road between the place of his disembarkation and his home, he had travelled in the face of the lightning, the fierce blasts and the dashing rain.

They did not go to bed that night until long after the day began to show its light, chasing away the clouds of the tempest that raged above the homestead on the night before. There was not a great deal said, but they sat in a loving circle, and gazed in one another's faces, while Trente ever and anon pressed his wife closer to his heart, and then stooped down and fondly kissed the child as it lay in its cradle at his feet. That youthful individual found his attention continually distracted from his contemplation of the firelight on the ceiling, and by daylight had not apparently arrived at any satisfactory conclusion as to the subject of his thoughts. What occupied his mind does not satisfactorily appear, as he preserved a complete and dignified silence upon the matter.

He did not leave till long years after how near he had once been to fatherless; and the story was told him by the old man one night, as he sat and smoked his pipe by the side of the old familiar wood-fire. It still danced upon the ceiling, as it had been wont to do when he lay in the cradle, now standing in the corner, and fixed his baby thoughts upon its bright reflections, glowing merrily there above his head, when the shadows of night had fallen upon the earth, and the voices of the wind were heard without, sighing among the orchard trees.

THE FAT MAN.

"Bridget," said a lady in the city of Gotham, one morning, as she was reconnoitering in her kitchen, to her servant, "what a quantity of soap grease you have got there. We can get plenty of soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yes, ma'am," says Bridget, between each wisk of her dishcloth, keeping a bright lookout of the kitchen window, and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed to be rewarded, for down the street came a large, portly gentleman, flourishing a cane, and looking the picture of good humor. Sure, when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him.

"Speak to me, my good girl?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir, wants to speak to ye, and says, would you be good enough to walk in sir? This request, as directed, was not to be refused; so in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went Bridget and knocked at her mistress's door, put her head in, and exclaimed:

"Fat gentleman's in the parlor, mum." So saying, she instantly withdrew to the lower regions.

"In the parlor," thought the lady. "What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered," but down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

"Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me—at your service, madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her mouth in spite of herself, as she said:

"Will you pardon the terrible blunder of the girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soap grease, when she made a mistake, you see."

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair, and laughed a hearty "Ha! ha! ha!" as never comes from your lean gentry.

"No apologies needed, madam," said he; "it is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha! ha! So she took me for the soap grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for months—such a good joke!"

And all up the street, and round the corner, was heard the merry "Ha! ha!" of the old gentleman, as he brought down his cane every now and then, and exclaimed—"Such a joke!"—*Boston Intelligencer.*

WINTER IN ICELAND.

The winter sets in rapidly, says Dillon in his work on Iceland, and lasts long in months. During this long period, the intensity of the cold, the tempestuous state of the weather, and, more than either of these, the shortness of their days, render even the care of their flocks a difficult and often dangerous employment. For the loss of persons in quest of sheep is by no means an unusual occurrence; and on a snow-storm arising, it is absolutely necessary to collect them in hovels built for their shelter near the farm-house. At such times it is impossible to see or hear, for the wind surpasses in violence any idea that can be formed of it; yet it is to this wind that the shepherd must trust as a guide. Marking its direction, he dashes into the storm, the distance to be accomplished is indeed, perhaps, short; but should he swerve from the right way, the least deviation is sure to be fatal; and woe to him, should the wind chop in the least while on this errand; such a change will inevitably seal his fate, and he will wander in the dark; till, numbed by the cold, he will fall into a sleep which soon becomes that of death. Instances of such accidents are not unknown even in the immediate neighborhood of Reikiavik. About Christmas, 1834, a young woman imprudently quitted the church alone before the service was over, with the intention of nursing a child that she had left at home. Before she had got out of the town, a violent snow-storm was raging, which rendered it impossible to see an inch before her. Maternal solicitude, however, overcame her fears, and she hurried on towards her house, which was not more than a quarter of a mile distant; but she lost her way, and wandered about, till, becoming drowsy, she fell asleep. Upwards of one hundred persons went in quest of her for many successive days, and though the search was repeated several times during the winter, it proved unavailing, till the end of the following March, when a partial thaw discovered her corpse frozen in a sitting posture, within a few yards of her home.—*Baltimore Sun.*

SUICIDES IN FRANCE.

The suicides have been very numerous in Paris since the warm weather commenced. One old gentleman, who had heretofore made no less than six attempts upon his own life, at last succeeded in hanging himself one day, recently. His wife had for a year past employed a man servant, whose only business was to keep a constant watch upon her husband, and prevent him from making away with himself. But he got away from the servant, and did the job immediately. The wife comes into a handsome property, and we wonder that she should have so long troubled herself about this old fool, who wanted to leave her at ease. The disinterestedness of some people is astonishing. Not less than six people in Paris killed themselves on one day. Some hung themselves, some blew out their brains, one jumped off a monument, and one took a leap from a bridge. These cruelly fellows are better out of the world than in it. Apropos of suicides—an old oak tree in the Bois de Boulogne, long famous for the suicides which have been committed by persons hanging themselves to its stout old limbs, has just been cut down, in order to make way for some improvements. Lately, two young men, each about twenty-five years of age, hanged themselves to this tree. Their emulators must now hunt up another location for the transaction of this "stepping out" business.—*Daily Pic.*

It is with nations as with individuals, those who know the least of others think the highest of themselves; for the whole family of pride and ignorance mutually beget each other.—*Colton.*

Jester's Picnic.

Scene at a Debating Society.

"If it hadn't been for Mr. Christopher Columbus," said Stubbs, "Gen. Washington wouldn't have been born; but what if he was what great things did he ever do?" To be sure he performed several masterly retreats, but, sir, that is to say, he was a coward!"

General Washington a coward!" screamed Foster, the village doctor, in a voice of thunder. "Who so base as dare say it? Look at him at the battle of the Nile at Waterloo, at the Cowpens, on the Plains of Marathon—and, sir, look at him at the battle of New Orleans."

"General Washington at the battle of New Orleans!" exclaimed a huge backwoodsman, gesticulating vicariously. "Mr. Speaker, is there such an ignoramus in the room? Any school-boy knows the battle of New Orleans was fit before General Washington was born. Let the gentleman read Flotarch's Lives, the Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, or the History of the Bean Hawk War, and there he'll find that *General Dodge* fit the battle of New Orleans!"

Two darkies, one Sunday morning were standing at a corner of Willard's hotel, in Washington, when a discussion arose concerning the then president's military experience. One was sure that Mr Fillmore fought the battles of Mexico; the other that it was General Taylor. "Now, I tell you what I do," said the Fillmore adherent. "I bet you half a dollah on it, and when Mason Fillmore come along here, I'se him." Pretty soon the president and his lady came by, on their way from church, and when opposite the hotel, he was accosted by the darkey: "Mason Fillmore, please, sah, want to ax you a question, sah." "Certainly, my man," said the president, stopping to listen. "Mason Fillmore, please, sah, didn't you fight de battle oh Mexico, sah?" "O, no," replied Mr. Fillmore, "it was General Taylor." "Thank you, sah; look a little bet on't—half a dollah, sah."

The following bill was actually presented at an hotel to a gentleman travelling in the north of England:

Anos for ads	£1 7 6
A	1 6
fetchinonimom	1 0

Lest our readers may not be able to decipher the above, we interpret it as follows. "An ass for a day, £1 7 6; Hay, 1 6; fetchin' on 'im 'ome 1 0." The "Bill Stubbs, his mark," of Pickwick, was nothing to this.

"What is this city, surely, I wonder?" said Mrs. Partington, as she read some hideous tale about the oligarchy of the South. "What can it be? I wonder if it be good for burning?"—"I guess," said Ike, "it's something they make out of turpentine—something like rosum oil, may be." She deferred to this, and tacitly guessed it was, saying: "Well, I declare, I hope it will be, for it may have a tenderness to make lamp ile cheaper."—*Evening Gazette.*

Maloun, a celebrated French physician, it is said, was remarkably fond of drugging. Once, having a patient who diligently and punctually swallowed all the stuffs he ordered, he was so delighted at seeing all the phials and pill boxes empty, that he shook him by the hand exclaiming: "My dear sir, it really affords me pleasure to attend to you, and you deserve to be ill."

The Scientific American hastily asserted that the lightning recently struck "somewhat or thereabouts," and going into the ground left a hole which in every respect resembled a well. The Picayune replies that it is a fishy assertion, and advises people to go to thunder when they want a well dug—particularly if they want it dug well.

It is recorded on good authority, that a Frenchman learning English, and anxious to say something very striking, in parting from the lady of his heart, carefully consulted his dictionary, and there finding that "*to perish*" meant "*to preserve*," bid her farewell, with the emphatic exclamation, "May Heaven pickle you!"

A lady, being in want of a dyer, was referred to an excellent workman, something of a wag in his line. The lady called and asked: "Are you the *dyeing* man?"—"No, ma'am, I'm a *living* man; but I'll *dye* for you" promptly replied the man of many colors, putting the emphasis where it was needed.

Mrs. Fly indignantly denies that she ever had a brass with her late husband. "He was too short-winded," she says. "The only kind of bowing I ever had with him was with a pair of bellows, to get the wind into his lungs after a long walk. Poor creature! I hope he's gone where there is plenty of air."

A reverend dean, economical of his wine, dessenting on the extraordinary performance of a tilled man, remarked that the poor fellow could see no more than "that bottle."—"No wonder, sir," replied a minor canon; "for I have seen no more than that bottle all the afternoon."

A wag in New York seeing a man driving a task into a card, through the letter *t* of the word "Boston," printed on it, seized the latter, and exclaimed: "Why, what are you about? Don't you know that laying *t* on *too* in *Boston* once raised a thundering muss there?"

The Louisville Journal thus speaks of a gentleman of that city: "He is a notorious coward. He talks as if his diet were lion steak, seasoned with gunpowder, and broiled on burning lava; whereas his actual diet is rabbits' liver, sheeps' plucks and pigeons gizzards."

An Irishman recently handed into the telegraph office a despatch intended to inform another Emeralder, employed on the public works in a neighboring city, of the decease of a friend. It read thus: "Barney, come home. I died last night. Bridget."

Lutatius Catulus accused a certain extortioner. The defender of the accused, thinking by a sarcasm to disconcert his too vehement adversary, said, "Why do you bark, little dog?" "*Quod latrem Catule?*) "Because I saw a thief," rejoined Catulus.

Judge Jeffries, when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beards? If so, your lordship has none at all."

A little ragged child was heard to call from the window of a mean-looking house to her opposite neighbor: "Please, Mrs Miller, mother's best compliments, and if it be fine weather, will you go a begging with her to-morrow."

"Pompey, why is a journey round dis world like a cat's tail?"—"Well, I doesn't adzactly see any semblance 'twixt the two cases."—"Well, den, I spec I'll have to tell you—bekase it am fur to be rund-oh it!"

An editor in Iowa has been fined $250 for hugging a girl in meeting. "Cheap enough" says another of the fraternity. "We once hugged a girl in meeting, and it has cost a thousand a year ever since."

"Well, we live in a wonderous age,
And 'go ahead' is all the rage;
No place but what he magic wire
Is just as nigh as though 't were nigher."

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SHADOWS

CHAPTER XX

BRIDEGROOM AND